JOHN BULL

Vol. I. No. 23. | SATURDAY, NOV. 10th, 1906. | ONE PENNY.

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Our Socialistic contemporary, the *Clarion*, pays us the compliment of reproducing our recent article on the experiences of an "odd hand" at a jam factory, and in doing so observes that "after the *Clarion*, JOHN BULL is quite the 'livest' journal now published." This sort of thing "almost persuades" us—to be Socialists. The *Clarion*, by the way, describes the jam factory article as "a human document," and compliments us upon our originality in publishing it, just as it was written. As with all human documents, however, its pathos and its power would have been destroyed by any touch of Art.

A very practical suggestion for the solution of the suffragette crisis comes from America. A Mrs. Cory, who is a leading Women's Rights champion out there, is reported as declaring:—

"Knowing as I do our ideals, confident as I am that we shall attain them, I fix my gaze upon the brightening future, hopefully awaiting the time when a woman on trial for her life will be defended by a female lawyer, convicted by a female jury, sentenced by a female judge, consoled by a female chaplain, and executed by a female executioner. Then, and not till then, will she have attained her proper place in the world. For their efforts in hastening that great day, we extend our gratitude and sympathy to our sisters across the sea, Miss Billington and her noble band."

Now, we are quite certain that if the case were put in this clear way before Mr. Asquith, he would get a short Bill through during the present session, naming an early date for the consummation of this dream.

Joking apart, however, and whatever view we take of the lady suffragists, it is not nice to see the *Daily Express* referring to them simply by their surnames and playing so uniformly on the Fooligan pun. After all, they *are* ladies, and JOHN BULL always raises his hat to any woman. No, Mr. Pearson, laugh at them and ridicule them, as you will—but keep your hat in your hand whilst you are doing it.

Another correspondent is worried about an answer we recently gave to an inquirer, to the effect that if a man buys an article for ten shillings and sells it for a pound he makes 100 per cent. profit. It appears that some learned writer has laid it down that you cannot get 100 per cent. profit on anything unless it has cost you nothing. "If you buy an article," says our friend, "for four shillings and sell it for five shillings, that on your principle would mean 25 per cent. profit. But if you discount five shillings by 25 per cent., that comes to 1s. 3d., and 1s. 3d. from 5s. is 3s. 9d.; hence you have depleted your capital," etc., etc.

As to the first point, it is no more correct to say that you get 100 per cent. upon what has cost you nothing than that you get a million per cent. However many times you multiply nothing, you can get only nothing. Upon the other point, it is self evident that a man gets

100 per cent. profit on an article costing him 10s. and which he sells for 20s. But a serious mistake may easily arise, and often does, when a man treats his *capital* and his *turnover* as one and the same thing. Take £1,000 of stock at cost price, mark it up 50 per cent. to £1,500; and then, under the impression that you are still on the right side, allow a discount of 35 per cent. In this way you would not only lose all your profit, but also £25 of your capital and all your working expenses. That comes about because 35 per cent. on your turnover is more than 50 per cent. on your capital. Thus it is clear that a shilling profit on a five shilling sale is 20 per cent. on the *turnover*, but is 25 per cent. on your *capital*. Q. E. D.

From one of our vast and brilliant army of readers we have received a letter in admiration of our recent scintillating observations on the Metric System. The superb compliments our correspondent, who writes from his 'appy 'ome in Paris, showers upon us are, however, qualified by a laudable desire for further knowledge. "What I want to know," he says, "is this: If the metric system were introduced into England, where would be the necessity of fatiguing your brain by converting litres or centilitres into gills, pints, etc.? For if the metric system were in force everywhere, gills, pints, quarts, etc., would all become obsolete and not needed by anybody."

True, O King! But, as one of the more enduring philosophers has observed, if "ifs" and "ans" were pots and pans there would be no work for the itinerant whitesmith. But in the meantime the present British measures remain sanctified by our great-great-grandfather, and before you can teach the metric system to everybody you have to muddle everybody—particularly, as we suggested, the lady who keeps the corner shop. It is a little hard to compel her to learn her tables afresh at her time of life, surely. We admire the metric system in France, and we repeat the expression of our hope that Messrs. Kynoch's customers will admire it in England. *Chacun à son gout;* or, as they translate it in Jericho, "It is a bad egg which nobody wants to eat."

A great deal of nonsense has been talked about St. Helena by jingo journals. It was wasteful and unnecessary to maintain a garrison in an island which no one wants to take away from us. And if anyone did try to steal it, we should have no difficulty in taking it back.

What a truly conservative people we are! After all this talk of Socialism, and of the coming revolution, here we are, at the municipal elections, turning out Socialists and Labourites and Progressives "lock, stock, and barrel," and insisting upon a halt in municipal enterprise and philanthropy. Mr. Keir Hardie must surely see that the genius of the British race is opposed to the idea of collectivism or communism—in short, that "John Bull" is a gentleman who, given equality of opportunity, likes everyone to rely upon himself, and not upon "the State." It is exactly local elections which place Socialism upon its trial. Imperially, they count for nothing, and the *Telegraph* should have known better than to have headed the results of the polling, "Great Unionist Victory." It was Home Life—not Home Rule—which was at stake.

A bit more about the lady martyrs—in the shape of one of those popular and effective parallels:—

Daily News, Oct. 25.	Daily News, Oct. 30.
No one can doubt that these women—like the Russian women—would face death as readily as they face ridicule in service to their cause.—*Editorial article.*	We do not wish to endanger the life of any of our members. The time has not come when we can kill anybody for the cause.—*Interview with Mrs. Pankhurst.*

Most of the money the late Mr. Herring gave to charities was won by betting. Perhaps General Booth will return that £100,00, and perhaps not.

Total abstinence, in contrast to sober temperance, appears to deprive its advocates of all sense of humour. Despite the phenomenon of fanatical revivalism in Sabbatarian Wales, public houses continue to be spoken of as the cause of the increase of insanity. The example of Glasgow, where more cases of drunkenness now occur on an ordinary Monday morning than come before all the police courts in London on the day following a Bank Holiday, is cited in encouragement of restrictive legislation. And, best of all, the Rev. Dr. Wilbur Crafts, who has just arrived from America with President Roosevelt's card in his pocket, to persuade us to join with other nations in prohibiting the exportation of alcohol to distant climes, instances the Congo as the happy land where alone this policy has hitherto flourished. And then there is Lady Henry Somerset telling the story of a little girl who said: "I hate you teetotallers. I used to go for the dinner beer. But you won't let me do so any longer, and now mother goes, and never comes home till night." Again, at the National Temperance League's Jubilee Convention the good Sir Thomas Whitaker employed the following two-edged argument. He said, "If they could only keep all the teetotallers they made instead of losing so many, nearly the whole country would be convinced of the evils of drink." What does this mean? Surely not that nearly the whole population has taken and broken the pledge?

And who, we should like to ask, is not already "convinced of the evils of drink?" And who that is worthy of the name of man would not give his right hand to stamp it out? But cajoling people into "taking the pledge"—only, as Sir Thomas Whitaker admits, to break it, and driving the evil into the home and the bogus clubs—*that* is not the way to cure it. *That* is only the policy of helplessness.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, Minister of Education, appears to have been misled by the permanent officials in granting provisional orders for the introduction of rifle shooting in elementary schools. The permanent staff of a Government department are always permeated with a kind of militarism, and, certainly, they have got the rifle-shooting fever rather badly. Mr. Birrell is still rather new to his job, and while, of course, he takes the responsibility of their acts, as he is bound to do, there can be no doubt that they have hoodwinked him rather badly. It is true that schools were intended to teach the young mind how to shoot—but not in too literal a sense. If it be a blessed thing to arm children with rifles, why not also supply them with revolvers and daggers?

The House of Lords is endeavouring to make a name for itself. By a majority of 200 they have murdered the first clause of the "Education Bill" (we give its official title). Right Reverend Fathers in God, and a number of peers who, during the ten years of the Tory Government, never once raised their voices about anything, have suddenly sprung into activity. We are not enamoured of the measure, but the fact remains that the Bill passed by an overwhelming majority of the representatives of a people alleged to be free, and as soon as it reaches the House of Lords, which represents nothing, except its aristocratic order, it is ruthlessly shattered to pieces. Quiescent or complaisant when Toryism is rampant, the House of Lords always wakes up in days of Liberalism. During the next few years, however, it will have ample opportunity to exhaust the patience of the nation, and then, perhaps, the long-brewing storm will burst. In the meantime let us remind the Lords of the saying of Loustalot: "The great only appear great because we are on our knees; *let us rise.*"

What will be the immediate outcome?. The Government can do little else, apparently, than repair the country's poor educational machine with sectarian compromises. The Bill has gone to the Lords as a compromise among its friends; it will leave the Lords, in the end, with the compromise mangled out of recognition by the destructive amendments of its enemies. Then will come the alternative. Either the compromisers must accept the amendments, re-compromise the compromise, hang up the Bill indefinitely, or fight the Lords to the death. It is certain, however, that there will be no fight of that kind of issue. You cannot engage the Lords on a "religious" controversy to any effect; and therefore the probable result will be that this so-called "Education Bill," after months and months of sectarian agitation and struggle in the name of Christianity, will result in a measure which will satisfy nobody, settle nothing, and leave the problem still unsolved—though the true solution is as clear as daylight.

After a short experience of prison rig-out, some of the Sufferingettes, protesting they would ne'er consent, have consented to give suitable guarantees of good conduct, and have departed from the purlieus to recruit their health in happier conditions. That these ladies should be stripped, searched, attired in prison clothes, numbered, made to clean their cells, put to bag-making for His Majesty's postmen, and dieted like ordinary prisoners—like thieves, for instance—is, we think, to make the punishment a little too severe for the "crime." But they deliberately played for martydom, and the magistrate, after giving them every chance to avoid it, decided to satisfy their ambition. Personally, we should have been inclined to turn the cells of the martyrs into drawing-rooms, perfume them with attar of roses, and send their meals in from the Carlton or the Savoy. The punishment would have been almost as hard for them to bear, for it would have made them ridiculous.

That the ladies will receive the vote in due season is hardly a matter for doubt. Patience, however, is one of the larger virtues; discretion is the better part of valour; and, let us add, commonsense is one of the necessaries of life. Before they get the vote for women, they must prove women want the vote for women. Now, if they would get to work in all the cities and boroughs and organise a monster petition signed by a million or two of the sex, and then start out to present that petition at the Bar of the House of Commons in an orderly manner, some of us, or, rather, most of us, would begin to think that there was in the demand for Woman's Suffrage something else besides the hysterics of irresponsible femininity.

By-the-way, the enterprising Mr. Lever, brought to book over his new Weights and Measures table, asserted that the Sunlight Soap had never been sold as pound bars. That is an explanation which will delude nobody's washerwoman. Still, it is a legal cover for an ingenious deception. Watson's, another party to the Trust, cannot get behind the plain statement of their "Matchless Cleanser" label, however. "The above design," it says, "is stamped on every pound tablet." Yet, by strange coincidence, that pound also does not weigh 16 ounces, but varies from 15 ounces to 14 ounces; at some shops, to 13½ ounces. Here, at all events, is clear and irrefragible evidence for a prosecution under the Merchandise Marks Act of 1887, and everybody who is defrauded has the remedy in his own hands.

If there is any truth in the statement that the Duke of Portland is making inquiries into the claim of the Druce family with a view to settlement, Mr. G. H. Druce will be wise in giving careful consideration to any offer of the kind which may be made to him. A bird in a pie is worth two on the wing. At the best, Mr. Druce is hardly likely to get anything for himself through the law within the limits of about a quarter of a century, for lawyers with a case of this kind are never in a hurry. It recalls to us the story of the solicitor who had carried on a Chancery action which had been in the hands of his father and grandfather before him. When he retired, his son, with the eagerness and impetuosity of youth, made much haste to settle it, and then carried the joyful tidings to his parent. "You young fool," was the old man's reply, "you've parted with the family heirloom."

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD No. 83.

For telling his readers how a man got accidentally shut in a refrigerator, and, after remaining there in pitch darkness, with the temperature at freezing point, happened to find a piece of timber, with which he broke open the door, a foot thick, just as he was suffocating,

THE EDITOR OF *ANSWERS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 84.

For sentencing an old man to six months' hard labour for stealing a hearth-rug, valued at half-a-crown, whilst in a state of intoxication,

THE WEST RIDING MAGISTRATES
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 85.

For sentencing an errand boy to seven months' hard labour for stealing four pairs of rubber heels,

T. C. BLOFIELD, ESQ.
(RECORDER OF IPSWICH)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 86.

For protesting that the days of the week are named after "heathen deities of very questionable repute" and proposing to rename them after Edwards, Chalmers, etc.,

DR. HORTON, OF BOWES PARK,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 87.

For reproducing the venerable chestnut that "hailing omnibuses is worse than raining cats and dogs,"

LORD NORTHCLIFFE AND THE EDITOR OF *PUNCH*
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 88.

For stating that at the marriage ceremony, after Mr. Bruce had, "in an earnest voice," said, "I take Camilla Antoinette Clifford to be my wedded wife," Miss Clifford "repeated the same words"

THE EDITOR OF THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 89.

For adducing as THE reason why a young and pretty girl could "earn plenty of money" driving a cab in London, that "she would be trusted by lonely women,"

MISS ADELA MAYBURY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 90.

For declaring, on the occasion of his Jubilee, that the triumph of Socialism would come "before his hundredth birthday,"

MR. KEIR HARDY, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 91.

For advertising in Socialist papers that the triumph of Labour over Liberalism can be secured only by the purchase by working men of his reprint of Chambers's Encyclopædia,

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

[We only undertake to answer short legal questions in this column. In all cases where complicated questions, involving the consideration of documents, are put to us a fee of 5s. must accompany the inquiry.]

The Block in the Courts.

We publish below a communication from a valued legal correspondent. We entirely agree with it. The Order in Council to which our correspondent refers is little short of scandalous. It goes very far to nullify the County Courts Act, of 1903, and we are almost tempted to say that it was intended to do so. It is another illustration of how the intentions of Parliament can be baulked by unsympathetic officials. It is an even more flagrant instance of it than the regulations under which the Irish Land Commissioners are crippled in administering the Land Act of the same year.

* * *

Our correspondent writes:—

"To the four sound reasons against an additional judge being appointed to the King's Bench Division which were given by JOHN BULL last week I should be glad to be allowed to add one more. By the judicial statistics for 1904, the latest statistics we have, it is shown on page 23, that 'out of 1,338 verdicts or judgments of the King's Bench Division, given in London and Middlesex during that year, 925, or 69 per cent., were for £100 or less.' And it is probable that the statistics for 1905, when published, will show a similar percentage of such cases.

"Now the County Courts Act of 1903, extending the statutory jurisdiction of those courts over claims exceeding £50 and not exceeding £100, came into operation, subject to the drastic Order in Council of the 12th December, 1904, purporting to have been made under sec. 5, on the 1st January, 1905. And if it had been allowed to operate as the Legislature clearly intended it should, it would have removed this 69 per cent. of King's Bench cases into the County Courts, to which courts they should, of course, go for trial. The result would have been that seven, at least, of the fifteen judges of the King's Bench Division could have been dispensed with, assuming, of course, that the time of the King's Bench Division judges is being taken up wholly by the ordinary business of that Division.

"The Act being subject to the Order in Council has not materially increased the number of cases tried in the County Courts, though it has made some increase in the number of plaints entered. Nor has the Act materially decreased the number of cases under £100 tried in the High Court. The truth is that it will be found, owing chiefly to the Order in Council, to have practically had no operation.

"It is clear that the ordinary business of the King's Bench Division is not responsible for the alleged block. The statistics for 1905 are not even yet published, so we cannot refer to them. But if we take those for 1904, it will be seen, on page 23, that the cases tried in the King's Bench Division were during that year fewer than they had been during any of the previous nine years. The figures during that and the previous nine years were as follows:—

1895	...	...	2,331	1900	...	...	2,563
1896	...	...	2,361	1901	...	...	2,319
1897	...	...	2,563	1902	...	...	2,618
1898	...	...	3,050	1903	...	...	2,368
1899	...	...	2,496	1904	...	...	2,180

"The conclusions to be drawn, therefore, are that the business of the Division is not the cause of the block, and, secondly, that, if it were, the true remedy is to annul the Order in Council and allow the County Courts to have full control over actions for sums under £100, to the great advantage of the public."

LEGAL ANSWERS.

BUILDER (Darlington).—The pole was no part of the building, and no scaffolding was employed. The compensation claim under the Workmen's Compensation Act will probably fail.

ASH (Newcastle).—The oath can be taken in the Scotch form without kissing the Book.

DEAN (Streatham).—We doubt the legality. Better consult your solicitor.

HUDSON (Liverpool).—You can recover. The transaction was legal, according to the law of the country where the debt was incurred, and the cheque was payable here.

BAILEY (Newbury).—The discharge will probably be suspended for two years, but you had better make the application.

KING (Leeds).—Your remedy is an action for slander, but we doubt your getting substantial damages, and you run the risk of being deprived of your costs. Better let the matter drop.

ST. VINCENT (Portsmouth).—The second marriage will be void if the former husband is alive. She cannot safely marry again. Inquiries should be made to obtain proof of death.

NIXON (Stamford).—The landlord is within his rights. You cannot object.

EDWARD (Lancaster Gate).—The results of such cases is very uncertain Our advice is to avoid proceedings.

(Many replies stand over.)

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An Inquiry into its Record, its Strength, its Finances, and its Present Position.

IV.—THE HADLEIGH COLONY AND EMIGRATION.

In our last issue we dealt with the shelters supplied by the Salvation Army for the destitute, and we showed that whilst the outcast can get little in these shelters he cannot get on equally favourable terms from the ordinary lodging-house which caters for such people, the Salvation Army management derives a substantial money profit from them. In his Darkest England scheme General Booth proposed to go by steps. First he would seek out the utterly destitute and give them passing relief in the shelters. Recognising that this of itself would do little or nothing to lessen the total of destitution, he proposed to pass on these people, or the most promising of them, to farm colonies. Here they were to grow strong in the air of the country, and by healthful labour. It was never intended that these farm colonies should retain the men sent them for any length of time. They were to be places where the destitute might recover health, and gain the knowledge that would fit them to carve out a career for themselves in the Colonies, where all may succeed who are healthy and industrious. Accordingly, the

Hadleigh

estate in Essex was bought. It consists of 2,000 acres, not counting 1,000 acres of foreshore and water, of which 300 acres are let to a farmer. General Booth estimated that a farm of 500 acres would support 750 persons. On that calculation Hadleigh would support 3,000 labourers, not counting the foreshore. But the average population of the colony, including the employees and their families, and others indirectly associated with the undertaking, which represent a large percentage of the total, does not amount to more than 500 souls. It is safe to say that not more than 300 of these are undergoing a process of reclamation, so that, on the face of it, General Booth's calculation is very much out. He assumed, again, that a large profit would be made from the farm, but the working account for 1904, the latest date for which we have the figures, shows a deficit of £4,886. Necessarily the number of men passed out into the world as reclaimed is, having regard to the figures given above, very small. Many who go to the colony, dissatisfied with treatment which cannot be said to err on the side of generosity, leave it within a month. The wage paid is 6d. a day, and it is not surprising that the labourer is not satisfied. Out of £46,563, which formed the income of the Darkest England scheme in 1903, £194 only was expended on emigration, under the head of passages to Canada, which is the country to which most, if not all, the emigrants are sent. In 1904, out of an income of £42,189 the amount expended on this emigration was £198. It is obvious from these figures that as measured by what General Booth set out to do, the farm colony experiment is a sad failure. Not only does the estate support less than one-fourth of those General Booth calculated it would support; very few of the men actually upon it do much good for themselves by going there, and the number of men who, going to it emaciated, feeble, and broken, leave it healthy, strong, and hopeful, is a negligible quantity.

Emigration.

But it may be asked how these facts are to be reconciled with General Booth's statement that the Army has recently sent thousands of emigrants to Canada. The answer is that the Salvation Army has set up an ordinary emigration agency, and that very many of the emigrants sent out by it have no connection whatever with the Salvation Army. Take for example the following advertisements, which have appeared in the official organ of the Army, the *War Cry*:—

"OUR SHIPPING AGENCY.
"We are agents for the leading lines taking passengers to all parts of the world. Advice and all particulars free. Apply, Major Jones, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C."

What is there here to differentiate the Salvation Army from any other emigration agency, and how does General Booth reconcile it with his original statement that he intended to send out of the country only those who pass through the Salvation Army ranks? It cannot be said that the Salvation Army offers any special terms. Here is another of their advertisements:—

"LIVERPOOL TO CANADA.
"Special Ship for Ordinary Passengers.
"s.s. Vancouver, 5,251 tons, leaving on Wednesday, April 26 next, chartered by the Salvation Army. 1,000 passengers (second and third-class only), booked at usual rates. Floating advice and labour bureau for men and women without situations, c.o. Canadian Government representatives, or experienced Salvation Army officers. Other parties at various dates designed to facilitate emigration for all classes."

"Booked at usual rates." "Dates designed to facilitate emigration for all classes." The more the merrier, whether the passengers belong to the Salvation Army or not. Under the Darkest England scheme the idea was not only to send out large numbers of reclaimed men and women to the Colonies, but to give attention to them when they got there, to look after them as far as possible, and to assist them when they arrived at the port of disembarkation to help them to get work and tide over the first trying months of life in a new country. Not a word about all this in these advertisements of the agency. Nor does the Army seem anxious to assist any of its members who may want to get abroad, and have not the money necessary to pay the ordinary cost of passage. The *Social Gazette*, which is the official organ of the Darkest England scheme, replies to questions put to it by correspondents, and in its issue of August 26, 1905, will be found the following:—

"Grace, widow aged 50, Christian, no children, and all alone in the world, asks: 'Am I too old to go to Canada?' We would not take the responsibility of giving a direct answer to your question without knowing more about you. You must be the judge, but we may say good, reliable servants are in great demand throughout Canada. There are splendid openings for housekeepers, cooks, as well as for 'generals.' If you decide to go, and can pay your fare (£8) second-class to Montreal, we shall be pleased to include you in our party of domestics sailing on September 22 next."

Obviously, there is no particular assistance in offering to carry a woman from this country to Montreal for £8. Any steamship company trading with Canada would be willing to do it on similar terms. And whether suitable or not, the Salvation Army was ready to take the woman, if only by hook or by crook she could find the passage money.

Another woman consulted the *Social Gazette* as to emigrating, and as to how she was to get to Canada, not having sufficient means of her own, and this is what she is told in reply:—

"The fares for your family from London (third-class) would be about £25. If you cannot raise the whole of this, perhaps some of your friends would assist you with the balance."

That is not the kind of answer one would expect from the Salvation Army headquarters to a woman who is, presumably, a member of the body, and who is anxious to emigrate with her children. As a matter of fact, the sum spent by the Salvation Army in assisting emigration is trifling. Here, as in the case of the farm colonies, the scheme outlined in Darkest England has been abandoned. There may be good reasons for it, as there may be good reasons for the stationary character of the Hadleigh Farm experiment, but the facts remain that these experiments have been failures. Shelters, farm work, emigration, all are failures judged by the standard laid down, and in the expectation raised, by the Darkest England Scheme.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

IV.—REMINISCENCES BY FRANK HARRIS.

His Resignation.

I should like to tell all I know about Randolph's resignation; but the account would run into pages; it must suffice here just to give a few salient points.

Mr. Winston Churchill tells in his *Life*, how the resignation was written from Windsor Castle, and this fact stirred up a great deal of bad feeling at the time. Some stubborn old Tories even went so far as to say that Randolph had written from Windsor in order, as it were, to suggest to Lord Salisbury that he had the highest protection; but all this, of course, was nonsense. Randolph's story of it was much simpler.

"After the row that I got into on my brother's account (in '79 or '80), when Society cut me," he said, "I was dropped altogether by the Royalties. This invitation to Windsor was the first recognition I had had from the Queen. Her Majesty was very gracious to me at dinner, and, after I had talked to her a little while, seemed to understand my views on a great many things and almost to accept them. Her quickness astonished me."

"Really," I queried, "do you mean quick in the sense of intellectual ability?"

The Winning of the Queen.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "the highest ability: I never met an abler woman. After dinner the Queen was pleased to talk with me alone for half-an-hour; told me that I had convinced her: that there was a great deal in what I had said: the great institutions of the country—the Throne and Constitution, needed to be made as popular as possible. It was evident that the Queen had thought me very flighty and Radical and was agreeably surprised to find me a Conservative with convictions.

"Of course I was pleased with Her Majesty's reception of me; but it had absolutely nothing to do with my resignation; nothing; I didn't even hint anything about the resignation: that was purely a private and Cabinet business.

I simply wanted retrenchment, and I knew economies were possible. I was tired with the deadweight of opposition that I always met in the Cabinet, an opposition that was not reasonable, but instinctive: so I sat down and wrote off my resignation."

He pays a debt to "*The Times*."

"But why did you give the news to *The Times*?" I asked. "Surely you should have given it to *The Morning Post*, which had always supported you steadfastly—warmly, even—or, through one of the agencies, to all the papers at the same time. For, naturally, the fact that you favoured one paper made all the other great papers angry, or at least inclined them to consider your act a little less sympathetically than they otherwise would have done."

"Oh, I know all that," he said carelessly; "but Chenery of *The Times* was the first editor to be kind to me: he gave me long reports before any of the other papers noticed me, and I wanted to repay him."

"But he was long dead."

"Yes," Randolph replied, "but it was *The Times* which had first helped me, so it was to *The Times* I gave the news."

"Well," I said, "they paid you the same honour that they paid Darwin."

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"They slanged you in two leaders side by side," I answered, "for daring to resign, just as they used to double-shot the guns in the old days to do more damage, and you share that very rare honour with Darwin. When his "Origin of Species" came out they set two gentlemen, probably two country clergymen to 'slate' him in two articles, one after the other. It is a distinction to be so abused."

A Fortnight after his Resignation.

How well I remember the fortnight after Randolph's resignation. The resignation was said to have reached Lord Salisbury on the night of a great ball at Hatfield; I was told that it affected him so that he spoke openly about it. It is certain that the next day he sent copies of Randolph's letter to his colleagues in the Cabinet, written with his own hand.

The excitement caused by the announcement in *The Times* was unparalleled: I forget who it was told me that as soon as Randolph gave *The Times* the news, all the doors were locked, and no one was allowed to leave Printing-House Square till the paper had been printed. Next morning there was a buzzing crowd in every political club just like bees when they find some alien thing in their hive: buzz, buzz, buzz, the speculation and wondering went on, morning, noon, and night—Who would Lord Salisbury put in Randolph's place?

After a day or two it began to be clear to everyone that it would be difficult to find a substitute for him: Randolph, it seemed, was the master of the situation; in or out of office, the leader of the Conservative party. Old Conservative members trooped out to Connaught Place to assure the uncrowned king of their allegiance.

Then the news came, I think in *The Times*, that Lord Hartington, who was in the South of Europe, had been sent for, and a leading article appeared setting forth how strong the Ministry would be if he joined it. Randolph's friends grinned with amusement: for they knew that Lord Hartington had told Randolph Churchill that he would not join Lord Salisbury.

A few days later the news was published that Lord Hartington was in London, and either just before or just afterwards a significant leader appeared in *The Times*, declaring that Lord Salisbury would serve under Lord Hartington; anything, indeed, it appeared, rather than make terms with his rebellious lieutenant.

I sought Randolph out: the news had shaken me: I was afraid that Lord Hartington would see that an amalgamation of Liberal Unionists and Conservatives was absolutely necessary, and that he would take the command; but Randolph, without telling me anything, reassured me.

"It is all right," he said, "you need not alarm yourself."

"But," I said, "some say that Chamberlain will be asked next."

Randolph laughed. "No, no: mere rumour. In that case Salisbury would have to pay a higher ransom than with me." (The word "ransom" was an allusion to one of Mr. Chamberlain's articles or speeches in which he said that the well-to-do classes would have to pay "ransom" for their favoured position.)

As I passed down the hall, a door on my right opened and I saw a crowd of Conservative members talking in the room. The omen seemed to me favourable and I went away comforted, to write half-a-dozen reassuring articles on the matter to as many different papers.

Defeat.

Then came a Monday morning, if I remember rightly, when I got two lines of a note asking me to come to Connaught Place. I went and found Randolph Churchill in a different mood. He walked up and down the room without speaking or paying any attention as I came towards him, and when I stood in front of him he looked at me for some time without speaking.

"Have you heard the news?" he jerked out.

"No," I replied in utter astonishment at his tone and manner.

"I heard it yesterday," he said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It was at lunch at the Jeune's," he said. "After lunch Mrs. Jeune took me aside and asked me what was going on. Of course I said I didn't know; I was no

longer in the Cabinet, and knew no secrets. She looked at me and said, 'You know Lord Salisbury has offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to Goschen?' *I felt as if cold water had been poured down my back;* but I smiled and said, 'Really! I think he will make a very good Chancellor of the Exchequer;' and by God, he will!" he added quickly, marching up and down the room again, "that is the worst of it; he knows the City, and the City trusts him."

"But is the report true?" I asked.

"Of course it is true," he replied, "Salisbury has found the way out at last."

"But who will lead the House of Commons? Not Goschen," I shouted, laughing.

"No," he said, quietly, "not Goschen; but Salisbury will get someone."

(I cannot for the life of me remember whether on this day he knew that Smith would be appointed to lead the House, or whether I am thinking of a later conversation; but I know that either then or a few days later I made fun of the idea of W. H. Smith standing in Canning's place and Peel's and Gladstone's. Smith without an "h" to call his own, and blessed with a mind as commonplace as his name. But Randolph would not accept this summary superficial judgment: "Smith has great qualities," he declared, "in the Cabinet meetings he was *the oil which made the machine work smoothly;* I like him; he is quite straight, and well-meaning.")

"The game is up," he concluded, "the game is up. I had left Goschen out of my calculation. You see I knew that Hartington would not join the Conservatives; nor Chamberlain, nor James; and Goschen never occurred to me."

A correction in the "Life."

Mr. Winston Churchill in his admirable book shows that some time before this Randolph had recommended to Lord Salisbury a union with the Liberal Unionists, and had offered to stand aside if Lord Salisbury would bring the leaders of the Liberal Unionists into his Cabinet, and in this connection Randolph mentioned Goschen by name; he therefore argues that Randolph had not forgotten Goschen; could not have left him out of his calculation. But this only shows the impossibility of writing a history of past times that shall be at all true. Here is a man of exceptional gifts, writing a life of his father, in perfect sympathy, and treating of occurrences not yet fifteen years old, and yet on such a point as this, with masses of evidence before him, he has gone astray, misled, indeed, by appearances.

The truth probably is that Randolph Churchill was very much uplifted by his reception at Windsor and by the effect he had had upon the Queen. His resignation was a matter of mere impulse: he didn't think of the place where he was writing it or of the inferences that would be drawn from that. He simply sat down and wrote it. In his calculation of chances he had taken the main factors into account; he knew Lord Hartington's mind, he knew Mr. Chamberlain's; those, he thought, were the only persons who could really fill his place; and Mr. Goschen, at this time, in spite of his speeches in favour of the Union, was regarded as a cold, unfriendly critic of affairs rather than a leader. At any rate, whatever the explanation may be Randolph's words stand, and I remember his simile distinctly. "When Mrs. Jeune mentioned Goschen in connection with the Exchequer," he said, "*I felt as if cold water had been poured down my back.*"

I asked him to lunch, and he promised to lunch if he could. "At any rate," he said, "we shall meet in a day or two. But the game's up: the game's up."

"I ought to know what you are going to do," I said, "I can hardly write on this information. Should I hint of the corner seat below the gangway, eh, and flank attacks, as in the old days?"

"We will talk that over to-morrow," he replied moodily, and I went away with the ominous words in my ears, "The game's up." But I could not believe that; "the game's afoot," I said to myself, "and now the struggle begins."

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Frank Harris.

"Listener's Lure." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen.)

It is some time since I made the acquaintance of Mr. E. V. Lucas. The other day I happened to pick up his book, "A Wanderer in London," and read it with some interest. It was excellently well written, in a quiet, eighteenth century sort of style—an easy, rhythmic, conversational style that said just what the author wanted to say; but it was not the style that fascinated me, or even the knowledge of London, so much as the knowledge of the great pictures in London. Evidently Mr. Lucas is one of the few living lovers of painting and judges of the art. He is a good guide to the National Gallery, a better guide still to the Wallace Collection and to South Kensington. I kept wishing that he had not left out the little gallery at Dulwich where George Moore, I remember, helped me once to pass an entrancing afternoon. And now I come across this "Listener's Lure," which tells a little love-story by means of letters from different people. The various characters are fairly distinctive, and the illusion is kept up with much skill; but the letters of Miss Lydia Mitt, the overworked governess, are simply superb; they might have been written by Jane Austen, and higher praise it would be difficult to give. Every now and then a country gentleman called Lynn Harburton (the hero) gives us a little piece of excellent talk about art, which I would not willingly miss, though it seems hardly in the picture: here is what he says about Barbizon:

"I never saw such light: we have nothing like it in England. Our light, compared with the light of Barbizon, is light under muslin, one might say.

"I went early this morning to see the heads of Millet and Rousseau in bronze let into a rock close to the village. I wish rather that Corot's had been the other head, because Rousseau does not touch me as Corot does; but Corot belonged to Barbizon hardly at all—Ville d'Avray was his home—although his is the first name that springs to mind when the little white village is mentioned (the white now splashed with scarlet Virginia creeper). Corot, however, would be furious if he thought that anyone had thought or suggested this—the simple, generous creature, who said of himself and Rousseau, 'Rousseau! Ah, yes, he is an eagle, while I, I am only a lark who sings small, sweet songs in a grey sky.'"

I hope Mr. Lucas will work on at this new vein of his and give us a novel told in the ordinary way. I should like to set him a melodramatic theme and see how he would picture it with his little subtleties, grey tints and gentle emotions—all charmingly vestured in easy silken phrases.

"The Motor-Maniacs." By Lloyd Osbourne. (Chatto and Windus.)

Till I read this book I had thought of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne merely as a sort of understudy to Robert Louis Stevenson, in collaboration with whom he wrote three very poor books, "The Wrong Box," "The Wrecker," and "The Ebb Tide."

But under this heading of "The Motor-Maniacs" he has put together four short stories which are really interesting and amusing. The book is prettily written, with a certain humorous detachment and a passion of sentimentality which are alike characteristic of America. The people in the book, too, talk as Americans talk, and altogether it has given me a very pleasant hour. I look forward to Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's next book, and shall henceforth think of him as an individuality if not as a personality.

"The Whirligig of Time." By Beatrice Whitby. (Hurst and Blackett.)

"The Whirligig of Time" is another of the pastimes rather than books which women produce with irreverent ease. Miss Whitby has nothing particular to say to us except that she does not dislike the cross, selfish man quite as much as the managing, business woman, and there is nothing particularly valuable in that; but at the same time she tells her little story very quickly and pleasantly, and if ore has nothing better to do, one may read it without harm if without much benefit.

"The Tea-Planter." By F. E. Penny. (Chatto and Windus.)

"The Tea-Planter" is a very pleasant story, and serves perfectly to pass away an idle hour or two. Mrs. Penny writes easily, and knows the life of the Ceylon tea-planter at first hand. The book is worth reading because of the light it throws on the lives lived by English men and women in a colony which is all too little known.

IN THE CITY.

Deep Leads.

When it is remembered that in bygone years a single company—the Madame Berry—having about a mile of submerged river-bed, got from its gravel deposit gold valued at a million and a half sterling, of which nearly £900,000 was distributed in dividends, it is not surprising that speculative investors should be watching with keen interest the progress of other companies associated with this department of mining enterprise in the Colony of Victoria. The three English companies working in the Berry-Loddon deep lead district are the Moorlort Goldfields, the Loddon Valley Goldfields, and the Victorian Deep Leads, having within their combined areas an aggregate of about twenty miles of buried river-bed. Of these three companies, the Loddon should be on the eve of decisive tests. For many years it has been pumping, and now it has reached the stage of ability to pierce into the gravel deposit. Bore-hole tests from surface vertically into the ground have given satisfactory evidence of the existence of gold in the Loddon area, and in putting up drain pipes from a tunnel driven beneath the river bed the rush down of gravel has indicated the existence of gold, but it would be unwise to base any calculations upon the big assay results, for it is mere surmise that anything like an average of such results will be secured. However, it is now a question of days for some news to be received which will afford some data upon which to form an estimate of the value of the deposit of the Loddon. If the hopes of the managers of the company are realised, the profits will be very large, for once the gravel deposit is reached the cost of getting the gold is comparatively small. There is no milling or cyaniding to be done, and the mining operations are inexpensive. In the Madame Berry district expenses have been figured out as equal to 40s. per fathom, or about 8s. per ton, and one ounce of gold per fathom would mean —taking gold at £4 per ounce—8s. per ton profit, two ounces would give 24s. per ton profit, and so on in proportion; one ounce per fathom along the twenty miles of deep leads controlled by the three companies would give over £5,000,000 profit, and two ounces would increase the profit to over £15,000,000. But assuming the expenses, irrespective of the gold contents, to be 40s. per fathom, half an ounce of gold per fathom would only just cover cost of getting.

The Victorian Deep Leads is reconstructing with the object of obtaining more capital, and further capital will be wanted by other deep leads companies. Better results are likely to accrue from supporting established companies than by going to new ones, and as we have shown, there are possibilities of great profit. But no one should put his money into these concerns who is not prepared for loss.

The Mint Co-operative Club, Limited.

Our attention has been directed to this company, which has, at any rate, the merit of novelty. It has an authorised capital of £125,000, divided into 499,800 Preferred shares of 5s. each, and 1,000 Deferred shares of 1s. each, both classes being issued at a premium of 1s. each.

The first noticeable statement following the particulars of capital to be found upon the prospectus is the following :—

> "Upon the shares now issued being fully subscribed, "the sum of £125,000 will be available as working "capital."

Farther on in the prospectus we notice that the minimum subscription on which the directors may proceed to allotment is 2,000 Preferred shares—say £600. In turning to a statement issued by the directors, dated September 12th, 1906, we find the following :—

> "The total amount of cash received by the company "in respect of the shares issued wholly for cash is "£1,805 4s., and on the shares issued partly for cash "is *nil*."

It may be assumed that the public have not rushed for shares in the Mint Co-operative Club, Limited; and yet its offers are very tempting—tempting to those who do not stay to inquire as to the difference between promise and probable performance. In a paragraph of prospectus headed "The Mint Co-operative Club System Explained" we find the following :—

> "All regular monthly purchasers of goods to the value of from 5s. to 20s., or more at pleasure, are, in addi- "tion, entitled from time to time to bonuses of further "goods of almost every description to be selected from "the Club catalogues. All goods will be delivered "throughout the United Kingdom carriage paid."
>
> "Regular purchasers of 5s. worth of goods monthly "will be entitled to bonus goods to the amount of £3.
>
> "Regular purchasers of 10s. worth of goods monthly "will be entitled to bonus goods to the amount of £6.
>
> "Regular purchasers of 15s. worth of goods monthly "will be entitled to bonus goods to the amount of £9.
>
> "Regular purchasers of 20s. worth of goods monthly "will be entitled to bonus goods to the amount of £12.
>
> "Regular purchasers of 40s. worth of goods monthly "will be entitled to bonus goods to the amount of £24; "and so on in proportion."

Here customers are promised goods equal in value to the sum they have paid for other goods; so that, assuming there is no trickery, and that the directors are right when they say, as they do in the circular dated September 18th, the goods are sold at a price giving good value for money, there are very obvious advantages in dealing with the Mint Co-operative Club, Limited. Then the holder of Preferred shares is to get, in addition to the handsome bonus upon the goods he buys, a 10 per cent. dividend, which is to be the first charge on the profits, and if anything remains after a payment of 10 per cent. to the Deferred shares, the Preferred shareholders are to get two-thirds of the balance of profits, whatever they may be. How is it to be done?

There are four directors—one a colonel, another a captain of foot, the third an accountant, and the fourth described as a merchant. The chairman is to get £200 per annum, and the other directors £150 per annum each, but their occupations do not suggest that they have any particular qualifications for supervising a Stores business.

We cannot advise our readers to subscribe for any of the Preferred, or other, shares of the Mint Co-operative Club, Limited.

The Great Cobar Gamble.

The rise in copper and tin is bringing into prominence many shares on which dividends would be very improbable with the metals standing at average prices. Great Cobars are an instance. This company was formed in May to acquire a property in New South Wales. The capital is £750,000 in shares and £550,000 in Six per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures, big figures due to huge promoters' profits. The New South Wales vendors, who probably know all there is to know about the property, sold for £800,000, significantly stipulating that the whole was to be paid in cash. The London promoters planked on to this a profit of £206,000, of which £55,000 was payable in shares and the remainder in cash, provided that public subscriptions sufficed. The reception given to the prospectus was very poor, and the underwriters were saddled with practically the whole of the capital. They can, of course,

6½ PER CENT. INTEREST
can be safely obtained by investment in
CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL PREFERENCE STOCKS.
Full details furnished by
Archer J. Secretan, 79, Cornhill, London, E.C.

now put the price where they like, but intending purchasers would be wise to wait the approach of the production stage before buying shares at a premium in a company already greatly over-capitalised.

The Dartford Brewery Company.

Referring to our remarks of last week upon this Company, a well-informed correspondent writes:—

The reasons for the great falling off in the shares (value) are not far to seek, viz.:—

(1) The scandalous treatment of the tenants by the late managing director;

(2) The amalgamation with Norfolk's Brewery.

The absorption of Bartram's really benefited the D.B.Co., "country" prices being charged by both, but Norfolk's houses, being in or near London, and London prices being charged, the tenants did not like being charged Dartford prices when the concern was taken over by the D.B.Co., the difference in the price of mild ale alone representing an increase of 5s. per barrel.

Some of the tenants showed good spirit, and rather than pay the increased prices, obtained their supplies from London brewers, their leases entitling them to do so on paying the *penal* rent (£400, instead of £100, and so on). The loss in trade to the D.B.Co., on account of "penal" houses is roughly estimated at about £1,000 per month.

Finding that the "bullying" tack would not work with Norfolk's tenants, the managing director picked out a few of the more influential and monied, gave them discounts which practically made the old prices, and left the poor little tinpot men (mostly tenancies) to pay Dartford prices.

Can you wonder at the tenants being dissatisfied? If the change of management had not now taken place, no respectable man would think of taking any D.B. house.

Our correspondent seems to have the hang of it.

MARKET KEYNOTES.

A MARKET TO MOVE.

There is less talk in the City just now of a 7 per cent. Bank rate, and there are indications that the worst of the trouble is over. The record gold shipment from South Africa received a week ago at Southampton is gradually filtering through from the refiner's to the Bank. Gilt-edged stocks should go better during the next few weeks, and this will sound a good keynote for markets generally. Home Railways are hardly the kind of stock to buy just now to put on one side for one's children, but they have many points in their favour for temporary speculation purposes. Traffics keep up, quotations are near the lowest of the year, and dividends are within sight.

WALL STREET "POLICY."

The declaration of a 3½ per cent. half-year's dividend on "Penn's," the *doyen* of American railway investment shares, is another indication of the determination of the Wall Street magnates to attract public support by hook or crook. Provided that the market lives through the next few weeks, we for this reason look for greater activity and higher prices. Wall Street's load of securities is almost overwhelming. It must be reduced while trade is good and quotations are high. Dividends are consequently being increased all along the line. It will be time enough to reduce them and put money into the road again—when the public holds the stock!

AWAKING INTEREST.

The Mexican Railway directors, equally with the Vaal River wire-pullers, deserve a hearty vote of thanks from the assembled Stock Exchange. For they have made people talk again about City matters. The sharp fluctuations in their securities have whetted the public's appetite, and people who had completely foresworn the markets a few weeks ago are now worrying their brokers to tell them where the next diamond find in South Africa will occur, and which railway company will announce the next surprise dividend. Of course, the poor broker doesn't know, but he does his best to appear possessed of supernatural powers—and the result is good for business.

VAALS—MARKET TROUBLES.

With regard to Vaal Rivers, the market is not quite happy. We shall not attempt to follow the *Telegraph* in working out the intrinsic value of the shares—our contemporary argues that because so many diamonds have been reported to have been found in so many square inches, therefore the whole property is valuable in equal ratio,, and arrives at a figure of £320 each—because we do not know. We believe there is something more behind the whole business than mere bluff, but at the moment the trouble is the ragged account that has been built up in the shares. The buying has been mainly professional, and many of those who are "in" heavily could not face a severe fall, much less take up their shares. Next pay day may prove uncomfortable in a minor way.

Lady shareholders are becoming assertive. One moved an amendment to the Linotype directors' report the other day; another asked the Hotel Cecil chairman very trenchant questions.

Humber Ordinary are the Vaal Rivers of the Industrial market. A year ago obtainable at 2s. 6d., they have during the last few days touched 34s. Who says that there is no gambling in business?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

NIGEL DEEP.—A. H. (Tottenham).—We should cut the loss. The company is heavily in debt, and will probably be taken over by the bondholders.

MUTUAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.—W. B. (Glasgow).—The answer to your question is in the negative.

TWO SHARES.—B. B. (Hull).—We should be inclined to sell both on the first favourable opportunity.

CABIN RESTAURANTS.—RADIX (Teddington).—We should sell for what they may bring.

SOUTH-EASTERN ORDINARY DEFERRED.—LOSER (Tolysarn).—Hold for the present.

INSURANCE COMPANY.—H. F J. (Birmingham).—It is not among the strong ones.

WALL PAPER TRUST.—A. H. C. (Willesden).—We shall be glad to hear again, as suggested.

UNITED GOLD MINES OF WEST AFRICA.—J. J. L. (Plymouth).—If you can get an offer sell.

JAPANESE EASTERN CORPORATION.—H. W. T. (Catford).—We have no information. Send us your papers.

MOTOR TRACTION COMPANY.—J. S. D. (Wool Exchange).—We agree, but the correspondence is too ancient for us to use.

TWO PROVINCIAL COMPANIES.—WASHALL (Birmingham).—Sell for what you can get.

TWO WATER SHARES.—SINBAD (Birmingham).—We have not the local knowledge that would enable us to advise you. (2) The shares of almost any copper proposition are likely to improve upon the present outlook, but the company you name has a property of doubtful value.

AFRICAN CONSOLIDATED LAND AND TRADING COMPANY.—F. C. (Bath).—We have no information respecting it that would warrant our advising you to buy any of its shares. Much the contrary.

EDINBURGH DISTRICT MOTOR 'BUS.—J. F. (South Hackney).—Some of the 'buses have just begun running. The correspondence published in our last issue will give you an idea of the position.

SOUTH-WESTERN DEFERRED.—L. W. F. (South Bermondsey).—Home Railways are looking better just now, and we should hold for the next account. You might then write again.

PEKIN SYNDICATE.—S. J. R. (Camberwell).—We see no likelihood of a rise in the immediate future, about which we are not very sanguine. We should sell.

BULUWAYO EXPLORATION COMPANY.—WALES (Aberdare).—We have little faith in the reconstruction scheme. For one thing, too much of the money goes to management expenses.

THE METROPOLITAN STOCK, SHARE, AND DEBENTURE ASSOCIATION.—F. W. (Stafford).—You can satisfy yourself by looking into a postal directory, but it is waste of time pursuing the matter. Your five pounds are gone, and it is well that your loss is not greater.

BRITISH VACUUM CLEANER.—G. D. (Bickerton Road).—We do not much like these sort of companies, dependent upon a patent that may any day be superseded by something more effective—any way, in the opinion of the public.

TRANSVAAL SHARES.—E. W. (Liverpool).—Better not meddle with Transvaal mining shares, especially when they are to be bought for fifteen pence.

SOUTHDOWN STEEL AND IRON COMPANY.—BULLDOG (Clapham Common).—You have sold cum-dividend. If the transfer is not through before the dividend is paid, and the cheque comes to you, you must return it. Unless shares are specifically dealt in ex-dividend, they are regarded as cum-dividend.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—X. Y. Z. (Bromley).—We should think that your experience with the Melrose Stock, Share, and Debenture Association, and its ridiculous "system," would have cured you of the desire to dabble in Stock Exchange speculation—anyway, through outside brokers of this sort—but you are evidently unconverted. We cannot find room for reply to the many questions put to us in your lengthy letter, but if you take our advice you will for the future put outside brokers' circulars into the waste-paper basket, and thereby save yourself the certain worry and loss that must follow sending their authors any of your money.

VARIOUS SHARES.—TURTLEVILLE (Edgbaston).—Having regard to dividend arrears, Sunderland Tramways Preference can hardly be said to be over-valued. You should hold City of London Electric Lights. We cannot advise you to hold British Electric Traction Preference. It must be a long time before the company pulls itself round. We would not buy any of the copper shares you name, nor do we advise the purchase of North Randfontein.

NERSCHINK.—STRADYGOKR (Embankment Gardens).—Our information is similar to yours, as to the value of the property, and, under proper management, and assuming Russian internal quiet, its prospects ought to be fairly good.

NORTH SUSSEX GAS and WATER ACT, 1906.

ISSUE AT PAR OF £7,500 SIX PER CENT. PREFERENCE STOCK
of the North Sussex Gas and Water Company.

Particulars and Form of application can be obtained from the Company's Bankers, the Capital and Counties Bank Limited, Horsham, Sussex, at their Head Office, 39, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., or Branches, or at the Company's Office.

By order of the Board,
ALBERT E. LOCKE, Secretary.
Gas Works, Billingshurst, Sussex.

London and Paris Exchange.—J. C. (Southampton).—If you read John Bull of Oct. 6th you will find that we demonstrated "the great disadvantage at which investors deal with them," namely, the Exchange. We cannot be repeating ourselves week after week, but every week we warn correspondents that they should keep their money in their pockets, and such warnings should have saved us from your impertinent insinuation. We decline to answer the questions about railway stocks you put to us unless and until you apologise.

North Chartereds.—W. G. Wealdstone).—We should sell for what they may fetch.

South African Gold Trust.—Kent (Nottingham).—We should be disposed to hold for the present.

House Purchase Company.—John Bull Junior.—We are obliged to you for your letter, and will examine its figures.

Liptons.—Doubtful (Hampstead).—We see little likelihood of these shares getting back to par, much less 24s. 3d., at which you bought.

British Homes Assurance.—F. Y. C. (Redhill).—We have no doubt the company will treat you fairly if you join it, and we heartily wish you success in your efforts to improve your position. You seem to be a very deserving man.

La Luz Mining and Tunnel Company.—Newton (Bedford Court Mansions).—If your friend can get out at anywhere near the price at which he bought these shares we advise him to do so. He will do well to avoid American mining companies in future.

South-Western Deferred.—L. W. F. (South Bermondsey).—Home Railways are looking better just now, and we should hold for the next account. You might then write again.

Deep Leads.—W. D. (Hammersmith).—Something is said about them elsewhere. They are highly speculative, but the potentialities are great.

London and W.A. Exploration.—H. C. (Dulwich).—The rise is due to the Company's interest in the Loddon Valley and Commonwealth Trust Companies.

Broomassie.—F. G. (Belfast).—The September return shows improvement, but the yield is still under that obtained in the first quarter of the year.

Cobalt Town Site Silver Mining Company.—J. D. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—There is no doubt as to the great value of the Cobalt discoveries in Canada. As to the shares of this company, that is quite another matter. There are likely to be plenty of attempts to float Cobalt companies on the London market, and many of them are pretty certain to be wild-cat schemes. The Cobalt Town Site Company may have a valuable property, but double column advertisements, in leader type, in the "Times" and elsewhere, do not prove it.

Lo Aruomies.—F. M. (Camberwell).—We will make inquiries, and let you know.

Outside Brokers.—Candid (Leyton).—There is nothing much to differentiate one from the other of the three concerns you name. The third is financially strong.

Salisbury Buildings.—F. B. (Manchester).—We can only say that we dissent entirely from the view taken by the *Daily Report*, which, by the way, is the official organ of the London and Paris Exchange. It is not correct to say that the company has ample working capital. It has nothing of the sort.

British Homes Assurance Corporation.—Holdsworth (Ilford).—Why not send us the particulars of the transaction of which you complain.

Universal Stock Exchange.—A. C.—They are perfectly good for their engagements, but—well, it is a case of the London and Paris over again.

Ilford, Limited.—J. P. D. (Leytonstone).—(1) Inharmonious management is among the causes. We should sell upon any rise. (2) Sell the Shansi shares.

Mersey Railway.—Pills (St. Helens).—You had better hold.

Spencer Santo.—F. C. (Greenock.—We will answer your questions in our next issue.

Bond and Mortgage Company.—A. S. G. (Birmingham).—It is not a company financially strong.

Various Shares.—Julius (Saltaire).—We do not much like the two first of the shares you name. You might keep the other shares mentioned in the hope that they will touch 20s. We should avoid American companies. One never knows where one is with these Yankee concerns.

Kanns Zero Graph Syndicate.—D. M. A. (Glasgow).—We have received the papers, which shall be returned to you in due course. But have you no later ones of any sort? The latest you send us is more than five years old.

William Tyler and Co.—A. L. K. (Edinburgh).—We have been much amused by reading your correspondence with this man. We would not, however, waste more notepaper upon him. We thank you for the other part of your letter, which has been handed to the proper department.

Charing Cross Bank.—J. S. (Swansea Valley).—We consider this bank safe for small deposits.

Outside Brokers.—R. J. (Glamorgan).—Your friend evidently did not understand the terms of the transaction, and we advise him to place the facts fully before the firm. Perhaps you will let us hear from you again.

NEW ISSUES.

Tanganyika Concessions, Limited.—This company is offering 250,000 Five per Cent. Debentures of £5 each. The money is to be mostly spent in the completion of the Benguella Railway. The security is a first charge of 20 per cent. of the share capital of the undertaking, and of the shares the company is to receive in a new company now being formed to work the mineral discoveries in Katanga. Power is taken to pay interest for five years by the allotment of further debentures, or for the same period holders may convert their debentures into Tanganyika shares at the rate of one share for each debenture bond. The adjourned ordinary general meeting of Tanganyika Concessions, Limited, was held on October 31st, when the managing director, Mr. Robert Williams, gave a very glowing account of the prospects of the company. According to him, there are 2,000,000 tons of copper opened up, and he "feels quite safe in predicting a profit of £2,000,000 per annum, and another £1,000,000 from the 45 per cent. of the profits of the Katanga copper quarries." And this does not take into account "profits from railways, tin, gold, and coal."

The North Sussex Gas and Water Company offer £7,500 Six per Cent. Preference stock at par, and in multiples of £5. The authorised amount of Debenture issue, under Section 28 of the North Sussex Gas and Water Act, is limited to one-third of the share capital issued, and half paid up.

AN IDEAL PENSION SCHEME.

Twenty pounds saved annually will secure for a person of age 30, on attaining age 55, a cash sum of £790, or a life annuity of £62 17s. 8d. If preferred, at age 50 £586 would be payable. No medical examination. All premiums returned in the event of previous death. These sums are absolutely guaranteed by one of the strongest British offices. Before effecting an assurance, reliable advice is essential. The majority of people do not insure under anything like the best conditions. Correspondence invited. Gordon Mannering and Co., Experts, Harpenden, Herts.

FROM JAMES TO JOHN.

Lather and Blather, my dear John, are just now occupying the British public. The Soap Trust and Women's Distrust have monopolised all attention for some days. There is no small similarity between the two movements. One attempts to foist upon us 15ozs. of soap and call it 1lb.; the other would try to persuade us that a vote cast into the scale of woman's natural influence in the world is the one thing necessary to make it equal man's. Sunlight bears a leading part in the first; will the other bear daylight?

* * * * * *

Can anyone help this case of real distress? The writer of the following letter is, I believe, to be pitied:

"I am a son of rich but dishonest parents. My father toiled not, neither did he spin—he floated not his argosies on the stormy waters, but promoted companies on financial seas calmed by copious underwriting. Hence I was always taught that to labour is to prey. But now the financial seas have dried up, and I am compelled to walk in footsteps my father would have despised. So low have I sunk that I actually have sometimes had to work for my living. Not alone is this contrary to my fondest instincts, but it seems utterly dishonourable to the memory of my father, whom, up till now, I always esteemed. If I go on, as I fear it is likely I may, and get into the habit of earning an honest livelihood, I shall utterly despise the thought of my parent. Can I not be saved from this?"

It is a wise child who knows how to choose his parents.

* * * * * *

Here is a conversation typical of much. A young lady was taking a hand at a game of cards. To her an older lady:—

"Are you not playing rather 'high,' dear?"

"Oh! dear, am I? Well, I suppose I am, but then, the fact is, pa is rich, and ma doesn't care!"

* * * * * *

In the columns of John Bull recently there was some reference to the treatment accorded to Jews in Russia. The trouble for this troubled people seems unending. Why is this? Cannot the Jewish people, with all their wealth and influence in the world, end it? It was said some years ago that one Jew had succeeded in doing this. Baron Hirsch gave an enormous sum during his lifetime, and arranged for a further huge amount to go after his death for the purpose of taking Jews out of Russia and settling them in Argentina. The scheme has apparently been a virtual failure. There may be other reasons for this, but surely some of the blame must rest upon the Jewish Colonisation Association, who control the vast estate of the late Baron. This association is an English institution, and two facts will show how it is manned. The solicitor of the company, by putting on the door of his office a brass nameplate of the association, made it liable to pay a terrific fee for death duties. Another leading member of the association, who professes to be an expert in Art, a few years ago recommended the Louvre in Paris to purchase for £1,000 or more what he declared was a genuine antique tiara of historic import, but which subsequently turned out to have been manufactured out of a sardine tin by an impecunious swindler. And it is this association which is so officered, and has the disposal of a mighty income each year, which is allowed to carry on its world-wide operations without ever producing a balance-sheet! If under these circumstances all the money of the association is properly expended, then the days of miracles are still with us. Are the Jews who permit this sort of thing losing their financial capacity? Or is that capacity, after all, only a legend?

Your truthful,

James.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

DR. ALABONE'S TREATMENT.

The appalling mortality from Consumption is steadily increasing, yet amongst all this havoc no curative method is being officially employed to stay its ravages. From time to time so-called cures have been emphatically advocated by the medical authorities, and widely advertised by the Press, wonderful results being attributed to them; but, unfortunately, after being put to the test, no such successful results have accrued; in fact, so far from benefiting the patients, many of the experiments have proved positively harmful.

In cheerful contrast to these failures the treatment practised by Dr. Alabone for upwards of thirty years, has proved marvellously successful, both in the early and later stages of the disease. The letters below are quoted from many similar communications received from medical men who have investigated the treatment for themselves, and recognised its efficacy.

Dear Sir,—I think it only right to add my testimony to the efficacy of Dr. Alabone's treatment of Consumption. I was called in to see Mrs. N——, and found she had been "*given up*" by her own medical men and two well-known West-end consultants. She was in a most prostrate condition, emaciated to a degree, having been confined to her bed for eleven or twelve weeks. She was suffering from continued diarrhœa, due to tubercular ulceration of the mesenteric glands; she had also deposition in the left lung. Her husband and mother told me her case had been pronounced a "*hopeless*" *one*, and, to tell you the truth, *I did not expect any other than a fatal termination myself*. I told them that, although I had known of marvellous results from Dr. Alabone's treatment, *I feared it was too late*. I advised them, however, as a *dernier ressort*, to give it a trial, and told them *if there was no improvement in three days the patient must inevitably sink*. Within forty-eight hours the character of the discharge from the bowels altered, and a gradual improvement set in. In three weeks she was able to get on the sofa, and the last I heard was that she had been to the seaside, and remained in good health.—Yours sincerely,

H. J——, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., Eng., etc.

Rio de Janeiro.

Sir,—I have some thirty patients, in all stages of phthisis, undergoing Dr. Alabone's treatment, some very bad, *so that I should not be surprised if I lost one or two*, but at present I have lost none. The improvement on them is most marked and surprising. I do not think there is any doubt of the great efficacy of his treatment in stopping the advancement of the disease. It has, in my hands, been very successful in many cases.—I am, yours faithfully,

W. F.——, M.D., L.R.C.P., L.M., Edin.

Sir,—It affords me sincere pleasure to testify to the very marked success of Dr. Alabone's treatment in some undoubted cases of tubercular disease of both lungs.

One lady in particular, whom I sent to London some five years ago to undergo his method of cure, is now in perfect health, and is loud in his praise. Before she went under his care she had been pronounced an "*utterly hopeless*" case by two highly-qualified medical men, both possessing an excellent reputation for accurate diagnosis.

Personally, so impressed am I with the value of his treatment that, if I were pronounced phthisical tomorrow, I would at once adopt it, and with full faith as to the result.—Faithfully yours,

F. C——, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.I.

Co. Fermanagh.

Sir,—A young girl, aged twenty-one, came under my care, suffering from well-marked dulness under both clavicles, profuse night-sweats, great loss of flesh, constant teasing cough, blood-spitting, evening rise of temperature, and a history of having had three brothers die of phthisis in four years. I adopted the usual treatment, and found after a month's trial that my patient *was steadily progressing towards her grave*. I then put her under Dr. Alabone's treatment for six months. That is many years ago, and to-day she is married and well, and the mother of a family.

Yours faithfully,

M.D., L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., etc.

Former patients of Dr. Alabone, who owe their lives to the success of his treatment join in recording their grateful testimony to its efficacy, many having been restored to health after being pronounced "*incurable*" by well-known specialists in chest diseases, and in this connection we quote letters from M. Goward, M.A., LL.B., of Tenby, who writes:—

"Seven years ago one of my sons caught a severe cold, which brought on inflammation of the lungs, and this Consumption. He was so ill and weak he could not walk across the room.

"Our medical man *lost hope* of him. A physician from the Brompton Hospital said '*there was no chance of recovery*.' I heard of Dr. Alabone's treatment and tried it.

"In a few weeks after he was strong enough to go for a walk on the sands. He gradually regained his full strength, is now sturdy and athletic, and is captain of his eleven, both in football and cricket.

"I recommend Dr. Alabone's treatment whenever I have an opportunity. I wish so great a blessing could be made more widely known."

Mr. J. Lock, of Rowborough, furnishes the following convincing testimony:—

"I write to say that Dr. Alabone undertook my son's case when other doctors had '*given up all hope*' in the matter. Dr. B——, senior physician of the —— Hospital, said '*a few weeks—five or six—will end it*.' In six weeks my son had reached Sandown; four months later he was walking ten to twelve miles. He is now roughing it in South Africa, and he is in excellent health. Before going to Dr. Alabone I made personal investigation of five people whom I knew, or whom my friends knew, had been perfectly cured by him. Dr. Foster watched the case all through."

Hundreds of similar letters from every quarter of the globe could be quoted did space permit. Those of our readers, however, who may be sufferers in consumption, should write to Dr. Alabone for full particulars of his treatment.

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* "*The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh*, illustrated by numerous cases *pronounced incurable* by the most eminent physicians; 39th edition, 170th thousand, price 2s. 6d., post free of Author, Edwin W. Alabone, M.D.Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S.Eng., Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N. By the same Author: "Testimonies of Patients, with Comments on the Open-Air Treatment, price 1s.

JOHN BULL'S PICTURE POST-CARDS.

[John Bull *drops a few post-cards to some of his friends and acquaintances.*]

LIII.

To the Right Hon. Herbert J. Gladstone, P.C., M.P.

My Dear Herbert,—When you were appointed Home Secretary, I hoped you would bring to your high and responsible office not only ability, but fibre, and not only insight, but foresight. To be candid, you have somewhat disappointed me. The son of an illustrious father, you are, of course, handicapped by the inevitable reflection of his genius and reputation. Still, you must buck up. At the Home Office you subordinate yourself too much to your permanent officials. You have a genius for indecision. Your way of dealing with an awkward situation is either to face it in the wrong way, or at the wrong time, or never to face it at all.

Your attitude in respect to the punishment of the sufferingettes is a repetition of your attitude in the Watt case. You began, with almost haughty stubbornness, by declining to interfere, and ended by conceding what you had refused. In the d'Angely case you exasperated friends and opponents alike by your unnecessary reticence, when you could have conciliated or silenced them by a few plain, tactful words. And now you bring the Vivisection Inquiry under suspicion by putting it almost wholly into the hands of vivisectionists, and excluding the Press from its sittings—the inference being that vivisection is so shocking a barbarity that the light of publicity would put it to shame. That you are a good chap, with a big heart, and mean well, we all know. But virtues, if a rare, are an insufficient qualification for statesmanship, and if you are to justify your office, you must emulate Haldane and Burns; show your department that you are the boss; and when they don't agree with you—well, in the historic words attributed to Father Vaughan, tell them to go to the Devil.

John Bull.

LIV.

To the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, P.C., K.C., M.P., Minister for Education.

My Dear Birrell,—Glad you are not downhearted about that confounded thing you call an Education Bill. Looked in at the Lords the other day while those ridiculous and unnecessary persons were mauling it about. You were standing in the space before the Throne, with a twinkle in your glasses, and a smile on your face. Don't know how you felt, but you certainly looked as if an uncle in Australia had left you an unexpected legacy and you had been to draw the money. That's the way to take things, my dear boy. Never show your cut finger.

By the way, I see that your "short list of books, pamphlets, and papers dealing with the subject of religious instruction in schools" covers 74 pages. I sha'n't read 'em, take my word for it. And in your recent Parliamentary Note explaining the mixed-up nature of the law on the subject, you quote that, "Under the Interpretation Act, 1889, a repeal section is not revived by the repeal of the section which effected the repeal." But then that is how we always make confusion worse confounded in Parliament, isn't it?

Only the other day I had occasion to look up the official record of the proceedings in Committee on the Employers Liability Bill, and on May 17, 1897, I find: "Question proposed, that the words down to observe, inclusive, stand part of the amendment to the proposed amendment as amended. Amendment proposed to the amendment to the proposed amendment, as amended, by leave, withdrawn. Amendment to the proposed amendment, as amended, by leave, withdrawn. Amendment, as amended, by leave, withdrawn." Don't know what you propose to do about the E.B. when it is returned "as amended" from the Lords, but I wish to goodness you would persuade Bannerman to settle it, or settle them. Both are nuisances.

John Bull.

LV.

To the Right Hon. Sir William Purdie Treloar, Kt., Lord Mayor Elect.

Sir,—I was much interested in your complaint that the Lord Mayor, whom you are about to relieve of the cares, duties, responsibilities, and turtle soup connected with his high and honourable office (which I am sure you will fill with distinction), not only went to Paris and kissed extraneous ladies in that diverting city, but came home and boasted about it. You added also that this exercise could be performed as well at home as in a foreign country, and that you decline to do it.

I am bound to say that I appreciate your self-denying abstinence. Kissing Queens of the Market, whether in Paris or elsewhere, has always appeared to me an overrated entertainment; it smacks too much of kissing Queens of Cabbage Stalls at Covent Garden. But then one has to regard the customs of the country and the present inflated state of the *entente cordiale*.

I dare say you will remember the rather old story of the gentleman who approached the refreshment stall in charge of a fashionable actress at a bazaar, and asked the price of a cup of tea. "Five shillings," said the lady sweetly. "I will take one," was the calm reply. The lady made the tea and filled the cup, and pressed her dainty lips to the rim. "It is ten shillings, now," she said. "Thank you," said the buyer, as he handed over the half-sovereign. "And now, please, give me a clean cup." After all, a Lord Mayor, having done his duty, can wash—whatever the price of soap.

John Bull.

LVI.

To Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., G.C.V.O., C.B., LL.D.

Dear Treves,—You are reported to have said the other day at a meeting of the Health Society that we were becoming over squeamish. "People objected to tinned meats which contained sweepings from the floor, portions of man, and portions of rat, though there could be little to object to if the meat was cooked and the rat and the man were healthy." (You say nothing about the floor sweepings.) This is "sark," surely, you sly dog? No doubt most of us, as you say, are willing to eat anything we cannot see. We strain at a black-beetle and swallow a typhoid bacillus. But, bless you, if we were not to eat or drink anything until we had made inquiries into its pedigree, we should all perish for want of adequate sustenance.

You seem to be enjoying yourself since you got a baronetcy and retired from the trade in appendicitis, which they tell me is awfully dull just now. You made it quite fashionable, you will remember. People who hadn't appendicitis, while you were about, were *de trop*. "How's your vermiform appendix?" is said to have been almost as commonplace a salutation as "How do y' do?" Society wants a new disease badly. Can you suggest another high-class one? It is just as well to look ahead. One never knows how soon our mondaines may tire of bridge.

John Bull.

LVII.

General Picquart.

Felicitations! It is quite refreshing to hear that you have been appointed War Minister. You came out best of all, after the whole sordid Dreyfus affair. You did not know the wretched victim, you had no reason to bother about him, you are not even a Jew. Yet you risked your career, you cheerfully endured persecution, and poverty, and obloquy, simply because you refused to countenance injustice. Now you have your reward, like the hero at the end of a romance. I sincerely trust that you may live happily ever after.

John Bull.

THE EDUCATION (PROVISION OF MEALS) BILL.

(This Bill passed the House of Commons unanimously on Second Reading and is now awaiting the promised Government facilities.)

John Bull: "DON'T YOU THINK IT TIME WE TALKED ABOUT THEIR STOMACHS?"

YOUR CHARACTER FOR A SHILLING.

ASTROLOGY.—Your character, marriage partner described, health changes, and chief events accurately told; send birth date, 1s., and stamped envelope to Zetella, Glen Villa, Cleadon, Sunderland (satisfaction guaranteed).

ASTROLOGY.—Character, marriage, changes, chief events; send birth date, 1s. 1d.—Cassandra, c.o. Chisholm, 229, North Street, Glasgow.

These advertisements recently attracted the attention of one of our readers, and he replied to each, giving merely the date of his birth and enclosing the required fee. Here are the results which he received:—

ZETELLA sent him much literature. One pamphlet was called "The Guide to Success and Happiness," composed by the lady herself, and which contained his delineation and other matters. The other matters were attributes kept in reserve for other people, those of our reader's being marked with a red pencil, and he was exhorted to read these only. They read:—

1. ORGANIC QUALITY.

Full. Has a fine tone of organisation and artistic taste.

2. HEALTH.

Rather large. A good share of health, not easily exhausted.

3. AMATIVENESS.

Full. Susceptible to strong love and is rather warm-hearted.

4. PHILOPROGENITIVENESS.

Full. Parental love, warm and active, takes an interest in children.

5. INHABITIVENESS.

Average. Loves the old homestead, but can easily change location.

6. FRIENDSHIP.

Large. An ardent and sincere friend, forms strong attachments.

7. CAUTIOUSNESS.

Rather large. You are cautious; disposed to look before leaping.

8. SELF-ESTEEM.

Full. Has a fair degree of independence, pride, and self-respect.

9. IDEALITY.

Full. Has fair taste, refinement, and love of the beautiful.

10. CONSCIENTIOUSNESS

Rather large. Honest, truthful, feels the force of moral obligation.

11. HOPE.

Full. Hopeful, realises about what to expect; not sanguine.

12. SPIRITUALITY.

Average. Admires the new and the wonderful, if founded on facts.

13. BENEVOLENCE.

Rather large. Great sympathy, desires to make other people happy.

14. MIRTHFULNESS.

Full. Has a relish for the humorous and enjoys fun.

15. ORDER.

Full. Likes order and will take pains to keep it.

16. HUMAN NATURE.

Large. Perceives character intuitively, good perception of motives.

17. AGREEABLENESS.

Full. You are agreeable and fascinating.

18. ARTISTIC ABILITIES.

Full. Has a fair share of taste and display.

19. MUSICAL ABILITY.

Average. Taste for music, love of melody and natural music.

20. BUSINESS ABILITY.

Rather large. You would do well in business for yourself.

ADVICE ON MARRIAGE.

Choose a companion who has medium colour of hair, eyes, and complexion; medium build or form; rather large moral qualities; very good business qualities; medium health; rather good cheerfulness of disposition.

OCCUPATION.

Specially fitted for architect, chemist, electrician, publisher; will be successful as a designer.

Our correspondent, to whom the above delineation was given is a chimney sweep, and doing well at it! But Madame Zetella does not confine herself to giving such a full delineation of a person, who only sends her the date of birth. She also provides for 5s. or 10s. a talisman for any one particular purpose, such as to be successful in business; to win a person's love; to keep their love; to keep off evil influences, etc. For general or all-round purposes the price is £1. She also provides Roselene for the Skin (price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.), the Elixir of Youth (at 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. a time), Wavelene, Hairella, Blood and Stomach Pellets, Rheumatic Embrocation, Pearline Dentifrice, Headache Powders, Pain Killer, Lily Ointment, Cough Mixture, Cremolia Complexion Soap, Pile Ointment, Nit Killer, Face Powders, Superfluous Hair Destroyer, and Hair Dyes. All these preparations are prepared by Mr. J. W. Kendal, M.P.S., Dispensing Chemist.

Finally, Madame was good enough to favour our correspondent with the following:—

ASTROLOGICAL REMARKS.

BUSINESS.

During the next twelve months commencing from now the prospects are in a very favourable position. There is likely to be some change connected with business that will improve your position, and money matters show a marked improvement.

HEALTH.

With care you are likely to have very good health, and there is nothing that I need warn you of.

FORTUNATE DAYS.

The best days to do business or to make any change of importance are Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; other days are doubtful.

ASPECTS.

The planets Mars and Saturn were in a benefic aspect at the time of your birth. This aspect will cause you to be ambitious, and make you persevering, and eager to excel in whatever you undertake. You will be brave and fearless with regard to danger, and you not only possess force of character, but tactfulness also. There is much of the hero spirit in you, which loves to be at the head of things, and I judge that you would make a capable leader.

This aspect promises success, especially in the direction of improving the character, and you will win the admiration of those who are able to help you.

CASSANDRA, on the other hand, gave our correspondent less in quantity for his money. She merely wrote:

SUN IN CANCER.

Very fond of home comforts, domesticated, and fond of children. As a rule over-anxious about success in life and money-making and very careful of home interests. Like to have entire rule of your own sphere and will not stand to be dictated to.

Hasty in temper, but forgiving; passionate, but soon appeased; soon changed from hope to despair; pushing and energetic temperament, nervous, sanguine and lymphatic.

Subject to inflammation of stomach and bowels.

This latter revelation—for revelation it is to our correspondent—would appear to be given in the place of anything being told him (as promised in the advertisement) about marriage, changes, and chief events, but our correspondent is prepared to excuse "Cassandra," who, according to her letter, appears to have moved rather hurriedly from 71½, Cowcaddens Street to 229, North Street, Glasgow, and who also used a business card of someone whose name, address, and occupation she has taken pains to erase therefrom with a pen-knife. On that card "Cassandra" sends our correspondent the following:—

Free astrological message for 1907.—Avoid pleasure and company. Keep thyself very quiet, or serious trouble will befall thee. In thy business thou wilt have a fairly successful year, but not without annoyances from letters and young people.

We repeat, our correspondent is a chimney-sweep, and everyone knows what trouble young people are to gentlemen of his profession. "Cassandra" is quite right in one thing. As a sweep he does "like to have entire rule of his own sphere," and his domination is not interfered with. He is also "pushing." Those brushes want some handling!

COLONIES.

By JIM CROW.

[We have much respect for "Jim Crow's" views upon things in general, but it must be understood that they are not always those of JOHN BULL.*]*

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's favourite and most successful claptrap has been Empire. In the true sense of the word it is a fine conception, pleasant to the patriot, a joy for JOHN BULL. But, for the Brummagem demagogue's purposes, it acquired, a new, false, significance. He thought nothing of India. He was merely concerned to glorify the colonies because he happened to be Colonial Secretary, and scented an opportunity of glorifying himself. In the Brummagem vernacular, therefore, the Empire came to mean the colonies, and all who dared to imagine that it might mean something more were held up to execration as traitors, blasphemers, and little-Englanders.

Spoilt Soldiers.

Having plunged us into a reckless war to add two unwilling colonies to our Empire, he gave out that we had only been saved from disaster by the timely and chivalrous assistance of our "brethren beyond the seas." I should be sorry to appear ungrateful for any efforts made by colonials during the late troubles, but I am bound to say that their exploits have been somewhat exaggerated. It is usually ungracious to dissect motives, but, after all, it was quite natural that young men of adventurous temper, accustomed to hard lives out of doors, should welcome a change from the routine of sheep-runs to what they must have regarded as the finest and hottest sport in the world. They were, moreover, attracted by the exceptionally high pay, and were favoured to an extent which aroused just jealousies among their British comrades.

Convict's Children.

Who, pray, are these "brethren beyond the seas"? What claim have they to our veneration? In most cases they or their forbears left this country for this country's good. Some colonies were entirely populated with the off-scourings of gaols, with tramps, vagabonds, prostitutes, and other wretches so incorrigible that our forefathers declined to tolerate their presence any longer. If we attach any importance to the doctrines of heredity, we may not expect the descendants of the worst evil-doers to be remarkable for the loftiest virtues or the most admirable qualities of mankind. Anyone who has visited Sydney can testify to the fact that more horrid hooligans are to be found there than anywhere in London, or even in Paris. The old convict strain remains and influences the life and thought of Australia. It is really too soon for the spawn of gaol-birds to make supposititious "offers," to dictate, brag, hector and bluster.

A Parent's Precedence.

All I ask is that, when we display pride in our Empire, we may do so from a British rather than from a convict or colonial standpoint. Our country is the head and must not be wagged by the tail. The mother-country is older than the colonies, richer, wiser, more martial, more energetic, more persevering, more religious, more imaginative, and in every way a million times more interesting. It is to the legitimate sons of Britain that we owe the glorious deeds, which have rendered our history illustrious; the literature and philosophy, which have exalted our genius above those of any other people in the world; and the commercial enterprise, which has enabled us to put our high ideals into practice.

What are They?

Where is the literature of the colonies? What great generals have they produced? What rudimentary glimmerings of statesmanship have they conceived? What effort have they ever made to alleviate the sufferings of humanity? They may be amiable children and clever at cricket, but we must not forget that they are still in *statu pupillari*, that we shall be wronging as well as disgracing ourselves if we permit them to take precedence of their parent. We do not depend upon them, whereas without us they would be reduced to chaos and insignificance. We welcome their services, but we will not suffer their dictation. I do not call for a little England, which shall refuse the dutiful support of her offspring, but for a truly GREAT BRITAIN, which shall tolerate neither obligation nor suffer interference at the hands of her political emanations.

BILIOUS HORRORS

Only those who know the horrors of biliousness can realise what cruel suffering this disease can cause; the torturing headaches, the dizzy reeling sensation, the awful strain of vomiting, and the dull, weary, hopeless, hopeless feeling. The cause is an excess of bile from the liver, which poisons your blood. But Mother Seigel's Syrup strengthens the liver, regulates the flow of bile, and cleanses your system of all impurities, and in this way cures you quickly and permanently.

Yield Quickly.

"I had suffered with biliousness from childhood. Some time ago I had a very bad attack; there was a constant pain at my chest and in my back, and I was so dizzy at times that I could hardly stand. At night I used to wake up feeling, oh, so sick; and when I had thrown up all that was on my stomach I was in a state of collapse, while my head throbbed as though it would burst. I was dreadfully constipated all the time. In the end Mother Seigel's Syrup cured me, and I have been well ever since."—*From Mrs. Emily Hardie, Lower Woodside, near Luton. May 4th, 1906.*

TO MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

A Word to Men

and Women.

You must have vigour if you wish to obtain both success and pleasure from your life. Perhaps the odds are against you. Then why not seize every power that modern science has put into your hands? Do you know what the ODO-MAGNETIC TREATMENT can do for you? It has given new Life Force to many weak and suffering men and women. Why not investigate the matter for yourselves. Write to Mr. A Dennison Light, in confidence. Perfect health is your right. Let him show you the way to better health.

We will if you wish, send our large book on "THE ODO-MAGNETIC TREATMENT." It is quite free and post paid.

THE ODO-MAGNETIC TREATMENT
73, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

CHARING CROSS BANK.

(Established 1870.)

28, Bedford-Street, Charing-Cross, W.C., and
39 Bishopsgate-Street Within, London, E.C.
Branches: Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Bristol, Birmingham, Sheffield Cardiff, Southampton, Plymouth, etc.
Assets, £1,136,249. Liabilities, £796,788. Surplus, £339,461.
Loans of £50 to £3,000 made on any class security.
2½ per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.
Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 "
" 12 " " " 7 "
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.
The Terminable Deposit Bonds pay nearly 9 per cent., and are a safe investment. Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 36 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

FOR JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

[Mrs. Bull will be pleased to receive, from her women readers, suggestions and contributions for this page.]

Great Minds and the Corset.

Modern dictators in the world of fashion are foreshadowing a return to that tyranny of the small waist and tight corset, from which most of us hoped that athletics and knowledge of anatomy had rescued the modern woman. Alas, if the powers that be decree small waists, nothing can save us. At least, that is the opinion of Sir Frederick Treves, who once wrote:—

"No matter how outrageous or how ridiculous a costume, no matter how harmful to health or detrimental to comfort a form of dress might be, if it only be fashionable no other apology is required by woman. . . . Fashion has, at times, decreed that a woman should wear an excrescence upon her head and a bump upon her back, and the order was carried out. At one time the waist has been decided to be just beneath the arms and at another almost below the hips."

Sir Frederick says "corsets are wrong from the point of health, common sense, and beauty." If it be true that women dress to please men the fact that many great men have declared against the small waist may help us. Napoleon went so far as to say that the strength or weakness of a nation was to be seen in a glance at the waists of its women. Charles 10 of France was a bitter enemy of the corset and strove to slay it with wit.

Women and Architecture.

Why women should be deliberately excluded from the chance of becoming members of the Architectural Association, and attending the School, is a question that has received but a very unsatisfactory answer. Mr. R. S. Balfour, the President, in a recent address, confessed that personally he did not see the force of the arguments brought forward against the admission of women, and touched upon the fact that in the offices of many architects ladies are to be found acting as assistants, and do their work satisfactorily. It seems that some years ago a vote was taken, and the members resolutely refused to admit ladies—it was very ungallant of them, and the modern man ought to know better—and the old tradition has been kept up ever since, to the disadvantage of those women who from time to time appeal to the Association and desire to benefit by the School. Surely the time has come when the work of the individual, not the *sex*, should receive first consideration in the field of art and elsewhere. Mr. Balfour threw out a hint to the effect that if a vote were now taken he felt sure the members would be not only willing but anxious to admit the "fair intruders." Then why not take the vote?

A Nerve Treatment.

London is growing suggestive of a battlefield. The periodical and violent explosions perpetrated by the motor omnibus are enough to cause sudden death to anyone suffering from heart disease. A woman, who is a disciple of Christian Science healers, but whose nerves, nevertheless, like many another person's, have suffered from the incessant vibrations and deafening noises of electric traffic, has hit upon a remedy whereby she has cured herself of experiencing further trouble on that score. Her treatment is based on the power of the mind over the body, and consists of the following assertion, repeated periodically: "No vibrations can reach me but those to which I am attuned; and I am only attuned to those vibrations which will reinforce my own." In this way, she affirms, the vibrations from outside that were formerly destructive become constructive, and build up instead of tear down. I mention this in case others may care to try the treatment. It costs nothing.

New Brooms for Old.

There is no gainsaying the cleanliness and convenience of modern labour-saving inventions, such as gas stoves, electric lights, vacuum cleaners, and so on; but do the advantages of the ubiquitous asbestos fire quite compensate, I wonder, for the absence of the cheery glow of the wood and coal? We are threatened with a winter robbed, to a great extent, of the cosy atmosphere of the log fire, for it is estimated there will be 150,000 fewer fire grates in London during the coming season than there were twelve months ago. In flats, as well as offices and hotels, stoves, hot-air furnaces, steam radiators, and gas and electric heaters are making headway, to the sacrifice of the old English fireside and the lively blaze, the fire-pictures that render twilight moments so charming, and the stirring up of the fire that offers such excellent occupation when irritability of temper needs working off with a poker or anything else.

An Unusual Experience

To live during the reign of five Sovereigns is verily an unusual experience. The old dame now in a London infirmary, who has lately completed her 104th year, can claim this extraordinary experience. Born in 1802, she has seen the throne occupied by George III., George IV., William IV., Queen Victoria, and the present King. The late Lady Munster also lived in five years, and recalled a children's party given, when she was four years old, at the Pavilion, Brighton, by William IV. She had peculiarities, and one of her fads was that her maid-servants should wear bright scarlet aprons. She liked to have about her cheerful people and cheerful objects.

To Marry, or not to Marry.

To marry, or not to marry. Henceforth the question assumes additional importance to the woman teacher in the employ of the Education Committee for the Isle of Wight and unwilling to give up her work on entering the holy bonds of matrimony. The Committee lately decided by a substantial majority that in future the marriage of their women teachers shall be considered equivalent to the notice necessary to terminate the teacher's engagement. This rule has been made, not, I believe, because the Committee have a grudge against marriage, but on the score that a woman teacher's business duties call her away from her family, and the family should be the first consideration.

Tricks of the Laundry.

The enterprising spirit of the American woman is again to the fore. Miss Susan Strong has added another string to her bow, and, in addition to singing, is now engaged in the more homely occupation of "laundering." She started her fashionable laundry in Baker Street only a short time ago, and it is already prospering past expectation. There is plenty of room for some really good laundry establishments whence linen is returned "correct," for many laundries about seem to exist for the purpose of destroying and losing linen and causing bad tempers. The manner in which certain establishments of the kind are conducted is deserving of the severest censure. Here is one of my own experiences. In the course of three weeks I lost, at the wash, four pocket handkerchiefs. After repeated inquiries two were returned to me. Then, weary of asking for the missing two, I sought for compensation, and was promised a couple of pocket handkerchiefs the following week. Naturally I concluded they would be new ones. What was my surprise when, calling for the articles some days later, I was given one fine pocket handkerchief with an initial worked in the corner that had no reference to my own name, and one coarser handkerchief, with the owner's initials in well-blotted ink! Clearly it was a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul, and no doubt my own lost handkerchiefs had been passed on in a similar manner to quiet the persistent inquiries for lost property on the part of another customer. I returned the pocket handkerchiefs to the chief of the laundry—with comments.

A Complexion Hint.

In view of cold winds, which play havoc with the complexion, it behoves women—motorists especially—to take timely precautions to keep the skin soft, bearing in mind the time-honoured proverb, "Prevention is better than cure." A simple, cheap antidote for a dry skin, or one chapped and chafed from the effect of an east wind, is almond oil or olive oil, which should be well rubbed in with the tips of the fingers, the face afterwards wiped with a soft towel and then sluiced with warm water, steamed (by holding the face over a bowl of boiling water), wiped again with a fairly rough towel, and finally sprayed with an astringent lotion. Mild Eau-de-Cologne may be used as a face tonic, failing anything else.

Feather Ruffles.

The ubiquitous feather boa is once more sharing honours with the fur stole and necklet, and, as if to outvie rival neckwear, is unusually thick. Of course, among feather boas the ostrich curl leads the way, coque feathers taking second place. They are smart substitutes, and, like the ostrich ruffles, are dyed to all the fashionable tints. Rather short this season, the boas depend for their style on a generous circumference, and are finished with ribbons.

A Revised edition of "Electricity—The Road to Health" has just been published by the British Electric Institute, which will be pleased to send a copy, free of charge, to anyone applying to 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and mentioning this paper. The book contains much useful and practical information, and should be in the hands of all sufferers from diseases which yield to curative treatment by electricity.

BOTH SIDES.

By J. SYDNEY BOOT.

One Side.

Worse than pitch dark! The men were stumbling and groping their way along somehow. Surely they must be nearly there now? Two hours they'd marched, so they must be quite close. The surprise was going to be a success—they all felt that.

Great God! They must be close on the trenches now.

"Fix bayonets!" comes the whispered order, for it's a cold steel job this.

Flash! Bang! . . . Thud! "Oh, God! I'm done!"

"Hullo! Someone's hit! Who is it?" cries a new hand.

"Leave him, curse you! You're not the bloomin' ambulance; get on, can't you?" growls a voice in the darkness.

"Charge, lads!" yells the Major. "We've got 'em; now give it 'em hot!" And it's only Private Thompson who is grovelling on the ground and clutching at the sand, as his life's blood colours the map red—but what of it? That's what he is here for, and that is war and victory. He's not the first and he's not the last; one more or less, what *does* it matter? It's for his country's sake, and war is a glorious, a fine, and a splendid thing.

"Now, then quick's the word, and there's a good few to put underneath this fine, bright morning. So quick march! burying party, there's no time to lose. There's one, over there; who is it? That's Thompson of H. Get to work, then; time's precious. Not too deep—that's it. Now some earth on top, and trample it in. Good. Where's the next?"

Extract from any Morning Paper.

"Casualties—Night Attack on Burgerskop.
King's Own Light Borderers:
Killed:
Pte. Thompson 11034.
Pte. Jenkins 10076.
Pte. Morgan 11152.
Etc., etc.

The Other Side.

A top back room in a Kentish Town side street, wherein a neat, pale-faced and anxious-looking woman is nursing an infant to sleep, singing the while:

"Baby, baby, bunting,
Father's gone a hunting."

"Poor little mite there, there; he'll see his dada soon now, bless his little eyes. Poor old Dick. Well, well, his time's soon up now, that's a blessing. Oh, but it was wicked to take him away then; they could have fought this war without him. Won't he be pleased when he sees our little Dick for the very first time, and he's a beauty, he is; yes, you are! But you shan't be a soldier when you grow up, like your father. It'll be good to get him back again. 'Cheer up, old girl, you'll be proud of me when I'm home again with a medal,' were his very last words to me."

A knock at the door.

Come in. Ah! Good evening, Mrs. Biggs—come to have a look at baby? But how white you are! Why, what is it? Don't tell me it's anything happened to Dick. Ah, yes, tell me, for God's sake, tell me! It's Dick, I know it—they've killed him!"

"There, don't take on so, dearie. It's terrible hard, I know, for it's sad news I bring you to-night, Mrs. Thompson. I'd give all I've got to tell you different, but it's true, your poor man is taken. Poor dear, she's fainted. It'll be a terrible time for her with the baby and no one to keep them."

Extract from the "Ruralbury Gazette."

"We regret to state that one of our oldest and most respected residents, Mrs. Thompson, was found dead in her cottage, last Tuesday morning. Heart failure, it has been ascertained, was the cause of her death, following, no doubt, the shock of the news of her son's death. He was a reservist serving at the front. A newspaper with his name among the list of killed in the night attack on Burgerskop was found by her side."

From the "Evening Star" (Six Months Later).

"The body of a poorly-clad woman with a child in her arms was found in the Thames this morning. The case is believed to be one of suicide owing to want and exposure, as the body was terribly emaciated. According to the medical evidence, the poor woman had only been in the water a few hours; the child, however, had been dead for some days.

"The only clue to the identity of the deceased, who was about twenty-five years of age, is that her name, according to a marriage certificate, the only thing found in her possession, was Thompson."

War is not always a glorious, a fine, and a splendid thing.

Electricity *v.* Medicine.

AN INTERESTING DISCUSSION ON AN INTERESTING SUBJECT.

Dr. Poore, writing upon the subject of electricity in one of his well-known works, says: "No other single therapeutical agent is so generally useful or admits of so many and such varied applications—for some of which it stands alone and supreme." That opinion is shared by all those who have made a close study of the subject. The wonderful success of electricity in cases where drugs have utterly failed have forced belief in the efficacy of the latter almost to the vanishing point. "Electricity is the medicine of the future," writes another authority.

That electricity is a powerful curative agent is a fact too well known to require further illustrative proofs. It is a positive cure for all Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Nervousness, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Kidney, Liver, Bladder, and Bowel complaints, and all forms of weakness.

A body battery has been invented for applying electricity to the nerve centres. It is called "Ajax" Dry-Cell—requires no charging, generates a strong current, and is always ready for use. It has cured thousands, and is certain in every case undertaken. W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq., one of the best-known scientific Electrical Experts in Great Britain, has this to say of it: "I am bound to admit that the results have been eminently satisfactory throughout, and, indeed, greatly beyond my initial expectations."

An interesting book of eighty pages has recently been published. It is full of interesting facts, and free to anyone who writes for it. Every person, man or woman, who is not what he or she should be, should write for this book at once. It will point out the way whereby the blessing of perfect health can be enjoyed. It is based upon the latest standard works, and contains many valuable opinions and much useful information. A postcard or a letter sent to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring it at once in a plain sealed envelope. All advice is free also. This new method has been awarded the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit.

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BULL'S EYES.

[Being flashes of wit and genius from members of our staff—mostly after dinner.]

"Consequences."

Ten shrieking sisters.....met.....Mr. Horace Smith .....at Westminster Police Court.....They said, "We *won't* be good."....He said, "Go and think it over—for two months."....The consequence was, "Peace, perfect peace."....And the world said, "Thank the Law(d)!"

.....

Hall Caine.....met.....George Alexander.....in a bookshop.....Hall said, "What do you think of my book, 'Bondman Play'?".....George said, "It *looks* worth six shillings."....The consequence was.....that the book was sold for one and six.....And the world said, "It's all it is worth—George must put 'his *head* in order.'"

.....

A bookmaker.....met.....a policeman.....in a public-house.....The bookie winked at the Law.....and .....the Law "wunk" back.....The consequence was ....."Startling Disclosures!".....And the world said, "Queen Anne is dead."

.....

Some Unconfirmed Rumours.

That the Suffragettes will be released altogether if they Asquith due humility.

.....

That a member of the *Daily Mail* staff was recently dismissed for permitting an unexaggerated item of news to get into the paper.

.....

That *Pearson's Weakly* justifies its title.

.....

That Hall Caine's next book will be given away with a pound o' tea.

.....

That Warings have bought a new safe to hold the *Daily Mail's* damages—when they get them.

.....

That the call-boy who committed suicide on the day Bernard Shaw's new play, "Cæsar and Cleopatra," was to be produced, with the only call-book in his possession, had been reading it.

On the authority of Mr. Haldane, no contract for soap has been placed by the War Office for six months. How can clean hands among the officials be expected?

The visit of the Russian Squadron to Brest will probably cause a general exodus of the inhabitants to the interior, out of range of the guns. The North Sea exploit is not yet forgotten.

Messrs. McDougall Bros. have written stating that they are a non-amalgamating firm. How on earth do they make their soaps?

In Keir Hardie's opinion, teaching boys the use of the rifle is "a hellish practice." Perhaps it is; but how does he know?

That new paper, *The Reader*, has been offering a prize for the most apt quotation from Shakespeare, applicable to itself. We suggest "Richard III.," Act I. Sc. 3, "God pardon them that are the cause of it."

Excavations for the Paris Underground Railway have resulted in the discovery of the almost complete skeleton of a bear belonging to the quaternary epoch. Search is now being made for a bull of the early Stock Exchange period.

The Czar wants more trouble; he has granted the franchise to Dissenters, and, of course, an Education Bill will speedily follow. Unhappy Russia!

Lord Elgin's despatch conferring equality of treatment on all religious denominations in Malta has made the Maltese cross. They have just held an indignation meeting at the Porte des Bombes. *Absit omen!*

Mrs. Fawcett says that "without a vote, women are pulling a bellrope without a bell at the other end." That's it. They can't get a ring.

Mrs. Bruce Glaisier says: "Women want to have more voice." Help, help!

A forthcoming play is titled, "The Knave of Hearts." The principal character is a thief, and the authoress is Miss Gladys Unger. Very appropriate.

Mrs. Pettish-Lawrence was particular about her hyphen, so providing high fun at the trial. She and her companions are consoling themselves with the reflection that this is the suffer-age for woman.

A recently published work is called "The Man Apart." Can this mean Lord Rosebery?

Motto for Mr. Lever: "A Trust by any other name smells just as bad."

A German *ex*-Civil Service clerk has been asleep for two years and four months. Some of our own Civil servants do better than that.

A book-stall in Charing Cross Road displays the following sign:—

"Marie Corelli
"The Treasure of Heaven
"Just Out."

Crowds are waiting to catch a glimpse of the sweet angel.

American mildew having set in, the gooseberry industry is threatened. We shall have to give up champagne.

We have not abandoned the hope that a barrister will now return his fees in a case which he was unable to fight, now that a cabby has set such a noble example.

Chief-Inspector Taylor told the Police Commission that "truth is at the bottom of a very deep well." That is why so many people are in the habit of "leaving well alone."

Although the Grand Jury threw out the Bill, a man pleaded guilty to arson and was convicted. This reminds us of Paddy, who, when asked whether he was "guilty" or "not guilty," replied, "Faith, how can I tell, till I hear th' ividence?"

The treasure steamer "Xema" went to Africa in disguise, and is coming back in disgust.

Miss Marie Lloyd gets little sleep o' nights. She is always now called Hurley.

M. Santos Dumont has managed to fly sixty yards in his new aeroplane at a height of three yards from the ground. Then he and the machine went and had a drop.

Mr. W. T. Stead says the names of the eleven Insufferables who have gone to gaol "will be emblazoned in the annals of glory." Meanwhile, they can scratch them on their gruel tins.

Mr. Neville Stainer, of Shropshire, has just sold an auk's egg for £420. Mary Buggins, of Spitalfields, has just been fined for selling hens' eggs which were not nearly so old.

We read in the *Daily News*:—

Viscount Almeida committed suicide at Rio Janeiro by entering a den of Lyons.

We presume it was at that "Popular café"!

The Publishers' Association doesn't trust "The *Times* Book Trust," and is trying to bring the Trust to book. There are lively times in store.

An important Chicago firm is advertising for office boys, stipulating that they must be red-headed. It saves the cochineal.

A Benedictine monk has been charged with attempting to kill his niece by giving her poisoned chocolates. Why didn't he try Benedictine?

During the long vacation Mr. Justice Darling has been at sea. Most of the other judges have been for a change.

The *Daily News* tells a moral story of a clergyman who lost his spectacles whilst fishing. The next year he went fishing again, and landed a whopper; to his surprise, the fish was wearing the spectacles he had lost. We can't understand why the fish did not see the hook, and take his own.

Jasper van de Wools told the Tower Bridge magistrate that he couldn't get employment as a barber because he was bald. So is the proprietor of one of the best known hair restorers.

An Alexandria (Louisiana) jury refused to convict Thomas Brady of a crime, declaring that as he smoked cigarettes, he must be insane. Both the jury and the cigarettes were American.

When we saw a reference to Balfour's "Austin and His Friends," we expected some rather interesting revelations. But, alas! "Austin" is not Austen, and "F. H." is not A. J.

According to the *Globe*, "the position of the Moslems is one of the most important of our Empire's problems." Why not muzzle 'em?

Dr. Young, of Chicago, demands a law which will prohibit milkers wearing whiskers. He maintains that whiskers harbour microbes. That's a new excuse for pulling them out.

"Hints to Young Authors—Just Out." We should suggest a small profit and a quick return.

The *Ladies' Field* says there are girls who will manage to get married under any circumstances. "If they only met one man in their lives they would marry him." Poor wretch! One girl is usually enough.

Three sharks have been caught off Ilfracombe. The fact is, there is next to nothing doing in the city.

During the recent Royal visit to Aberdeen the party passed a cemetery, where a banner had "Welcome to Our King and Queen" on it. The same thing happened a little while ago at a large lunatic asylum on the occasion of a Royal visit! Who edits these things?

Reuter telegraphs that the Sultan's appetite is good. He is very fond of Turkey.

Mr. Carnegie has started a fund to relieve Scotchmen, on condition they return to their native place. At present, they are busy over here "relieving" us.

The London County Council has just passed a resolution in favour of women being elected as members. Presumably young ones, for old women have sat there these many years.

The new Lord Mayor does not believe in kissing, and will refuse to go to France it it is necessary to indulge in that pastime. We are willing to represent him.

Another blow at a cherished institution! A man at Southport was fined £2 for selling adulterated shrimps. We presume some whitebait got amongst them.

Mrs. Pankhurst says: "If women had votes there would be no more pigs in Parliament." What with "guinea-pigs, bores, whole-hoggers, little-piggers, and even rasher examples, we are rather inclined to welcome a change. And what about cows?

English is a funny language. You have to sign when going on, and resign when going off.

The master of the Pontypool workhouse reported to the guardians recently that a man had applied for a wife. When we get Socialism these things will be seen to.

A Japanese panegyric on "Tea," by Okakura Kakuzo, has been published. It is indeed cheering and slightly inebriating to learn that "in the liquid amber within the ivory-porcelain the initiated may touch the sweet reticence of Confucius, the piquancy of Loatse, and the ethereal aroma of Salkyamuni himself." "It don't seem right" to us that all these things should get mixed up with our morning cup.

Notes and Queries says that hatchments are gradually disappearing. This accounts for the falling-off in the birth-rate.

Mr. H. Gladstone says, "Soap is not in his department." But surely the Home is the most suitable department to keep it.

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J. 10-11.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[John Bull *replies to some of his numerous correspondents.*]

S. C. C. (South Norwood).—Colonels will be choleric, and small boys should not throw berries at motorists. We think the fine of £5 met the requirements of the case.

We had occasion to praise Judge Owen recently, but we agree with "Wilf. Bullite" that his Honour jokes with difficulty. To a woman, who appeared in answer to a judgment summons, and pleaded that she had had "a lot of trouble and 21 children," he remarked, "I wonder they don't put you in the Newport Museum." Encouraged by "loud laughter," he asked the mother of four, "Why did you begin having children so early?" Another with six little girls was told it was lucky for her that they were not six little boys. Judge Owen seems to be an authority on population, but he will do well to cultivate reserve.

"A Man of Kent" (Birkenhead) protests against Lord Northcliffe's "mare's nests re soap combine," and informs us that, for the last 10 years, bars of soap have not weighed 16 oz. He is also suspicious about bankrupt sales. Not long ago he noticed the following announcement: "100 gross of quart oval spirit bottles, Mitchell's price per gross 30s., our price 23s." He wrote to say he could buy and was buying the same goods at 17s. 6d. per gross. He further hinted that, if quotations for other sales were made on the same basis, the public were being deceived. In conclusion he remarks: "I never received no reply. Ha! ha!" We should have been more inclined to say, "Ho! ho!"

H. S. D. (Melton Mowbray) wants Jim Crow to write about "the decadence attaching to knighthood," which he describes as "the most common emblem of honour for people who merit something, but not much." All right, we will ask him to prepare a knight-cap.

W. H. C. (Shaftesbury Avenue) writes to our secretary: "Now for a word of warning. When you dabble in things medical, make sure of your spelling or you will find yourself entitled to another biscuit. Hœmatoma, please, not hamatoma (see Bull's Eyes, September 8th) for a black eye. I may say hœmatoma auris is a thick ear, often to be found on the same person at the same time. This warning, I might say, is not for you, dear secretary, but for John Bull, Esquire. Kindly pass it on." Yes, and we will pass on hœmatomas to the printer if he is not more careful.

"No One in Particular" (Twickenham) asks what we think of Marie Lloyd's songs as Sunday literature. It appears that Lord Northcliffe has been publishing the words and music of "You needn't wink—I know" in the *Weekly Dispatch*. Not inappropriate, after all. We are sorry our correspondent was too late to profit by our warning re Truscott and Co. (Torquay). He should always consult us before sending money to philanthropists.

J. K. (Kirkdale) draws attention to A. Samuels and Co. (253, Stretford Road, Manchester), who pretend to supply jewellery on the instalment system, offering "£5 in gold for £1: only 2s. down and 2s. per month afterwards." Needless to say, they only part with their rolled "gold" after receipt of all instalments, but they improve on this popular trick by stating that they only supply persons who have lived at the same address for over one year. Moreover, they announce that they will "send this wonderful set of jewellery post paid on receipt of 2s. *deposit*, and the balance at 2s. per month." If they had meant to imply that the balance must also be paid before despatching goods, they should have written "of the balance." Some public-spirited person should sue for the return of his deposit and show the beggars up.

N. P. (St. Leonards-on-Sea) fortunately does not suffer from rheumatism, but thinks perhaps we do. So he sends us a circular from Chas. Selby (Exbury Lodge, Exbury Road, Catford) offering a prescription for 2s. 6d., and exclaiming "for half a crown you have it in your power to become a true benefactor of the suffering." What luck!

Ethel Williams (S. Kensington) disapproves of the Fulham Board of Guardians. They allow an old woman 2s. in cash, seven pints of milk, and 1s. worth of groceries per week. The groceries consist of 2lbs. sugar, 2lbs. rice, and 3oz. tea. But the old woman does not care for rice; being rheumatic, she fights shy of sugar; and, as for milk, "if she takes a mouthful, she brings it up." So she sells these things at a sacrifice. We agree with Ethel that it would be better to let her friend buy vegetables, meat, eggs, cheese, cocoa, or anything she fancies. But Bumble is always a fool as well as a tyrant.

W. J. S. R. (New Southgate) thinks the Motor 'Bus Co. should print places instead of numbers on their tickets, to avoid confusion. But surely the numbers do represent places.

Trichophyton Meqalosporon Endothrix

They have probab'y made your acquaintance, and are closely allied with your hair organism, yet you do not know of their existence. Neither can you recognise them.

This accounts for your **Baldness, falling, thin, weak, grey** and **feeble growth of hair, scurf, hairless spots,** and the many other forms of hair trouble.

To Free Yourself from these objec.ionable bacteriological organisms is an impossible task unless you know the enemy, its methods of attack and warfare on your scalp and hair.

We have made a close study of these **Bacilli.** You have not! We know their methods of attack, the cause of their existence and growth, **and the reasons why they are found on every head where the hair growth is affected** and have chosen your head for their hunting ground. **And what is most important to you,** we know how to meet the attack of these enemies, and clear them from your scalp and hair.

We have published a book free from technical language, and full of practical common sense regarding the hair. It contains many of the principal formulae prescribed by our consultants. We shall be pleased to send this brochure containing the

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KADOS LABORATORY, (Dept. 21C), 54, Duke St., Grosvenor Sq., London, W.

E. P. T. (Manchester).—Thanks for your good will. As you say, we can't all agree on politics. But we may agree on facts. We agree with you that "the Liberal and Labour parties are not identical" in politics. But we do not agree that the Socialists represent the working classes. As to our impartiality, read the articles on Socialism by Mr. Frank Harris and Mr. Herbert Vivian, in numbers 16 and 18. Always glad to hear from a straightforward chap like you, who says what he means.

C. N. M. (Gibraltar) tells us we are very popular on the Rock. He read extracts to Spanish friends at Algeciras, "and they were very pleased with" our "fearless comments on *the* Spanish case that is at present before the public." C. N. M. seems to have a very good time out there, what with winners romping home at 150 to 1, "right royal" entertainments of foreign squadrons, water-polo, etc., etc. Always glad to hear from distant readers, particularly when they know so well how to enjoy themselves.

D. T. T. (Boxmoor) thinks a Royal Commission should be appointed to inquire into the devious methods by which certain solicitors swindle their clients. We will think the matter over.

J. H. A. (London) tells us that a letter came to his house addressed to an unknown name, and, appearing to be a circular, was opened. It turned out to be from a large West End provision establishment soliciting custom, and, by way of a test, J. H. A. had a letter written in reply, as from his housekeeper, asking whether the firm would allow a shilling in the £ commission on all orders—which suggestion was promptly accepted. Well, a shilling in the £ is only 5 per cent., and although we cannot, of course, approve of illicit commissions, we have heard of graver crimes.

J. D. (Battersea) complains of the hours and rate of pay at Salmon and Gluckstein's establishments. He says: "We start at 2¾d. per hour, and get the entire control of a branch, receiving the magnificent salary of 5½d. per hour." We have no doubt there is another side to the question.

D. P. (Cardiff) complains that his wife has been unjustly convicted and sentenced as the result of a trial in which the prosecuting counsel was the son of the presiding Judge. We know nothing of the merits of the case, but, on general principles, do not think it desirable that sons should practice in their fathers' courts. After all, blood is thicker than water.

A. W. P. (Pall Mall) finds us refreshing after papers which are full of "muck re an actress and a love-sick nobleman." Wishing more power to our elbow, he explains that he means "for writing, not drinking." Why not for both?

H. L. (Leadenhall Street) is another who protests against the advertisement of "the Registered Societies' Sickness and Accident Assurance" (13, Walbrook, E.C.), wanting a secretary at £200, rising to £500 per annum. Those who answered were informed that they had been selected out of hundreds of applicants, but that a qualifying investment was necessary (500 £1 shares, 5s. paid). The firm evidently require a great number of investing secretaries. J. W. Rackham, "Chairman of Committee," who signs the replies, is an old offender, and we trust that he will make no more victims.

H. J. S. (Stoke Newington) is amused to find a Protectionist like Lord Northcliffe urging his readers to employ French servants as "the best in the world" and costing "no more than indifferent English ones." The way to secure them is to advertise in the Paris *Daily Mail*. Well, we have tried French servants, and we must say we prefer English ones, however indifferent.

M. W. (East Bergholt) has received a letter, beginning "Dear Friend," from Messrs. M. A. Winter and Co. (Washington, U.S.A.), offering an agency for "Nature's Health Restorer." We should mistrust the affection of transatlantic quacks.

"Common Sense" (Balham) deprecates Lord Northcliffe's excitement over "the doings and sayings of an actress who has secretly married the son of a peer." He says: "It is scarcely a matter of international or even national importance whether Lord Bertie does or does not marry Flossie of the Frivolity." No, but small things appear important to small minds.

G. B. (Dalkey) sends pleasant compliments and advertisements of another watch trick—this time eked out with a childish puzzle. The offenders are the Swift Watch Stores (1, Gough Square, Fleet Street). When every one has read John Bull, we suppose such firms will have to put up their shutters or devise some new bait.

Pedro (Chester) showed our letter-bag to his landlady and saved her from the Brahmo Watch Co. He deserves to have his rent reduced.

"Pro Bono Publico" (Cricklewood) thinks it ridiculous to allow "any human being over 16 years" to drive a motor. In the interests of the public, he advocates a test similar to that required at Scotland Yard. He offers to draw up a set of "John Bull rules" for motorists. Let us have a look at them.

T. H. (St. Margaret's-on-Thames) calls us a "gallant knight of the pen," and exclaims "good work and true, Sir John!" He wants us to take up the cause of the hospital nurses, and asserts that "in the streets of London they are continually to be met with, whose instep has given way entirely owing to the excessive standing to which they are subjected." Yes, but what can we do? If T. H. wants us to tilt, he must indicate an objective. As he knows, we are always ready to succour beauty in distress.

L. N. F. (Whitley) thinks there should not be a household without us. If he will mention one, we will see to its illumination. He also enquires about F. Paynter and Co., which implies that he does not read our letter-bag with sufficient care.

"Jaime" (Hammersmith Road) clips an advertisement inviting "volunteers to distribute leaflets respecting the objectionable practice of dogs following bicycles and omnibuses." He says, "Perhaps a properly pointed pea-shooter would be more practically persuasive than a printed phylactery." Let us spray.

G. G. S. (Crouch End) forwards a circular from F. Roberts (16, Amersham Vale, New Cross) asking for 2s., in return for which he offers to facilitate the acquisition of lucrative occupations at sea. Roberts states quite frankly that he does not obtain berths, but merely instructs how they can easily be secured by the applicants themselves. We thought "Bobs" didn't advertise.

Our "fond admirer," J. T. (Newton Abbot) informs us that "'tis better to appear once a week and be longed for than two or three times and find a decrease of warmth."

R. F. (Stockport) is sceptical about episcopal stipends, but he can verify them in Whitaker.

Barrand's (Liverpool).—Glad you like us, and glad to hear of generosity now-a-days. Don't spend it all at once.

F. S. W. (Doncaster) reveals an ingenious snowball scheme conducted by the University Wholesale Supply Stores (59, Bridge Street, Manchester). His "promptness in enquiring" was rewarded with six shilling vouchers, which he was invited to sell. To each voucher was attached a form, saying, "Gents,—Enclosed pleased find 6s., for which send six vouchers." If F. S. W. had found six people to send 6s. each, he would have been entitled to some "magnificent" 9-carat jewellery, and each of his six friends would have been rewarded in the same way for a similar service. At this rate the Supply Stores could soon afford to go better than 9-carat.

Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, late M.P. for King's Lynn, writes, in reference to our articles by Mr. Jesse Quail on the Post Office Savings' Bank:—"The situation of the Post Office Savings' Bank and the liability of the taxpayer in respect of that and the Trustee Savings' Banks and Friendly Societies are much more serious than most people suspect. And the whole has got into so involved a tangle that I should hesitate to suggest any sufficient remedy. To unravel the tangle will, I fear, require the doing of many things and the forbearing of many others.

"What I am quite convinced is the thing that should first be done, is to resume the publication of the suspended annual balance sheet."

J. J. (Whitfield Street) thinks the Domestic Guild (92, Great Portland Street, W.) are greedy in asking a registration fee of 2s. 6d. and 2½ per cent. on the first year's salary for obtaining situations for servants. At any rate the Guild states its terms quite clearly.

W. T. D. (Charing) is dissatisfied with the London Property Recovery and Accident Assurance Co. (39, Victoria Street, S.W.). For a premium of 1s. a year they undertake to supply a registered label to be attached to keys, offering 5s. reward to be paid to the finder by the company." W. T. D. insured his keys last November, and lost them early in October. The finder took them to the police station, but neither he nor W. T. D. can obtain any answer to the letters which they have addressed to the firm. We agree that their behaviour looks fishy.

(Many replies stand over.)

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RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. LOTINGA.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

John Hawke's Disciples.

Is it not remarkable that racing men never interfere with other people who are, in contrast, terribly concerned about their doings?

He Works for his Success.

J. H. Martin rides more trials than any other two jockeys—in fact, has quite as many mounts on Newmarket Heath as out in races. "Skeets" has accepted a retainer to ride in Austria next season.

The Crack New Sire.

Bachelor's Button's fee next season is to be £98; the object, of course, being to just get below the "century," so that his stock can claim certain allowances. The blood-like chestnut must beget stayers.

Sportsmen Accruing. Power.

It is a gratifying fact that racing men have successfully withstood the puritanical prejudice in last week's Council elections. A backer in F. C. Parker (Northampton), and a bookmaker, T. H. Dey (Islington), both got well in.

It Creates Competition.

Some owners and trainers really like race meetings to clash, considering that it gives chances to the little boys among jockeys, and to bad horses.

South Hatch.

The successful coterie at Hurst Park on Saturday was that of Willie Nightingall's at Epsom, which we are more inclined to look upon as a "jumping" stable, or certainly an "unfashionable" one for flat racing. And when successes such as those of Mixed Dance and the Murgis colt are secured they are not barren, for both Saturday's winners were really much fancied and heavily backed. How Nightingall can possibly get through the work and worry associated with the training of some 50 horses becomes a marvel. It is pure continuous hard work, but he would certainly not be able to succeed even then without adequate help from those around him, more especially his younger brother, John Nightingall, the steeplechase jockey, who is, in addition, practically his head man and right hand. No "big pots" train with Nightingall, but shrewd business men, who all in turn win more than their average share of races, and what is more to the point, under circumstances of knowing when to bet. We shall, as usual during the winter season, turn to Nightingall's for plenty of winners, for then Lord Dalmeny, Sir Henry Randall, and Mr. A. Stedall will have jumpers in training with him, knowing that they will be well schooled and, when they come out, capably ridden.

Penalties.

My opinion is that the extra weight which a horse should carry in consequence of a victory after the weights have been allotted for a pending event should, as in athletics, be left to the handicapper to assess, according to the value of the victory, so that the coming race still remains what it is intended to be—a handicap, which means that every horse entered has an equal chance. Why is such not feasible practically right up to the day of the race, as in athletics? In contrast, however, we see every race have its different —probably intrinsic—conditions, so that, despite the merit in a horse's interim success, the same stipulated "extra" poundage (light or heavy) has to be carried. Thus Killeagh looks like "spoiling" Friday's Liverpool Cup for the reason that he has earned no penalty because the Free Handicap, in which he beat Bridge of Canny, was of rather less value that 250 sovs. Yet it was a really important race, while had he won a paltry handicap of 300 sovs., a 7lb. additional burden would have to be put up, or 10lb. for a 400-800 handicap—of which we have one practically every day.

In next week's, even Manchester, Derby Cup, the horse's penalty is only 5lb., and yet in the 500 sovs. Hurst Park Handicap on Saturday he was mulcted in a 10lb. extra. Apparently it would seem to be that the smaller or less important the stake a horse wins, the more does he suffer in future events. There should, anyhow, be some consistency, and a tabulated scale be applicable all round, unless the idea I have mooted earlier is made practicable. And why not?

George Herring.

The racing world has lost one of its erstwhile magnates, charity an unparalleled donor, and the nation one of its most remarkable self-made men in Mr. George Herring, the associate of the present turf's patricians, although not generally known to the younger sporting army. It is not alone by his huge hospital donations that the deceased all-round sportsman wrought good; clandestine financial help, where deserved, yielded more. Not alone as one meets men—race-course acquaintances—in the members' enclosure, but as a personal friend had I the pleasure of knowing George Herring—of being his guest, of enjoying his hospitality. He was ever a generous host, a good friend, a wondrous man! Thirty years ago he ran a few horses with moderate success, but a vast fortune, only initiated on the turf, was multiplied in the City in unison with a present-time leading owner, Sir Ernest Cassel. But poor Herring, disdaining every offer of title, only very occasionally attended the park race meetings nowadays as a passive onlooker—a pleasure seeker; if he betted, it was for one of two sovereigns only. Having made his money, he believed in doing good with it in tens of thousands rather than fritter it away—in fact, like everyone, he had idiosyncrasies, which tended towards meanness in certain things—for a man of his wealth. How true it is that those with money invariably bet lightest; it is the man *sans* capital who wagers heavily. Equally common knowledge is it that the "racing man" is unequalled for open heartedness—none do more, continuously, to help their fellows. But it is not these characteristic indisputable facts—or the George Herrings of the Sporting World—that those croak so vehemently and inaccurately against racing quote; they seek the seamy side of life and crime to distort it as applicable to the sport they, personally, would suppress. Surely one example of broad-minded philanthropy like the deceased sportsman's outweighed the whines or excuses of those breaking the country's laws? To know George Herring was to like him—his personality, example, and vivacity was bound to make him a man liked by all men. That the poor fellow suffered terribly in the closing days of his well-spent life must be a universal regret—such a man deserved a centurion's span—alleviation from all pains—as he endeavoured to save others.

Prophetic.

Although the Liverpool Cup appears at first blush "on paper" to be a practical racing certainty for Killeagh, the single-handed match in which he beat Bridge of Canny over 1¼ miles at Liverpool might well be over-estimated, or false. The Irish three-year-old, however, showed that he stays by his victory in the Irish Derby—of 1½ miles—just prior to his purchase by Sir

"Perhaps the largest Turf accountant business in the world is presided over by Mr. Daniel M. Gant, whose premises are situated in the very heart of the West End of London, namely, at 25, Conduit Street, W. His business has, of course, been established for many years, and he himself is a well-known member of Tattersall's Subscription Rooms, which is a testimonial that requires no further remarks. Mr. Gant was the originator of the no-limit system —that is to say, he was the first Turf Accountant to pay his clients the full odds betted against a horse. It is true that several others have followed suit, but it can be safely said that no rules ever devised by mortal man can show such fairness and liberality in every way to clients as those issued from 25, Conduit Street." "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," May 30th, 1906.—Write for terms, the most advantageous extant.

Ernest Cassel. Certain to be at a cramped price, however, I think it will be policy, anyhow, to cover upon Hammerkop, who is really well just now, and must be in the fighting, although Newbury's two miles and a furlong, rather than two furlongs short of the two miles, as here, would have been a very great deal in her favour. Major Eustace Loder also expects to win the Knowsley Nursery with Chestnut Sunday. She is a nice mare, whose dangerous opponent might be Royal Fox, who, however, beat nothing when he won recently in the North. Horses that claim engagements in the near future and should not be missed, wherever they run, are Isabelita and Lady Forfar.

Established 27 years.

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The most liberal terms yet offered to the public sent free on application.
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"One is quite content to have his 'pony' on with 'Coach, Liverpool,' and need not have a headache for fear of default in Monday morning's cheque."—("The People.")

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When the water is poured on the fire there is an end of the smoke; when Capsuloids are poured through the blood upon the hair roots there is an end of falling hair.

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